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What's Behind the Recovery Laws

By A. A. Berle, Jr.

Adviser of the R. F. C., one of the most brilliant of the group of Roosevelt counsellors, Mr. Berle analyzes the forces which brought the Administration to act so swiftly and drastically to effect recovery.

THE United States is just recovering its balance after a series of economic earthquakes. As we draw away a little from the dramatic climax of March 3 and 4, it becomes possible to appraise somewhat the forces which are at work to make the recovery. There are those who find it easy to forget the whole incident; to assume that we are once more back where we came from, and that we are rapidly approaching and will settle down to conditions as they were before the depression set in. More timorous souls feel that matters are in better shape, but are still afraid to go forward. Still others, with clearer vision, know that in the great drama of time and life the current never quite turns back, but goes forward to something new. These seek not to re-establish the old conditions out of which our difficulties came, but to design a stabler, better-ordered condition.

It will be said, in years to come, that an administration came into office at the precise moment when a crisis almost unparalleled in modern history had reached its peak. It will be pointed out that whenever such a crisis has occurred elsewhere in the world, its swift sequel has been a revolution. A somewhat similar crisis occurred in Italy just before the advent of Mussolini. The German crash of a few months ago (aided, it is true, by foreign factors) called forth the régime of Herr Hitler. In the United States, however, life goes on with no such violence. American faith in American institutions is surely justified on this record. But that faith is tempered by the realization that our great gift is adaptability. It was not our institutions which stood the crisis. It was our collective ability to manipulate those institutions. We had been a nation of individuals. We reached a pass in which tremendous collective effort was necessary. We organized and made that effort. We did so within the framework of an industrial and governmental organization which contemplated no such pooling of will, but nevertheless allowed it when the need existed.

I do not think that a great many people realize how staggering were the stakes when the incoming government took the controls on March 4. That the banking system had broken down, and with it our currency system, and that commerce was paralyzed, every one knew. This was striking. The underlying factors, however, were intrinsically far more dangerous. Though accurate statistics are lacking, on March 4 perhaps thirty million people in the United States were living on charity or drawing the last dregs of their savings to

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keep alive. Approximately eleven million workers in the industrial sections were unemployed. The plight of the farming population is too well known to require further comment. The grim reality was that one fourth of the population was practically on the street; and that half the population was living at bare subsistence level, with wreckage behind and not even hope ahead.

The requisite first move was, of course, the reopening of the banks. This involved an even greater acceleration of the destructive forces. When in the small hours of the morning of March 4 even the strongest banks discovered that they were not individual units but were parts of one system, and closed their doors, we had approximately forty-two billions in bank deposits. When we reopened selected banks some days later, we had reduced that amount (at least temporarily) by approximately five billion dollars. Students of economics and trained bankers know that employment, business turnover, the existence of work, and generally the factors that make life possible, have moved in singularly direct relation to the availability of currency and bank deposits. In other words, when we reopened the banks, but had to leave closed the weaker elements in the system, there could be but one effect. There would be more unemployment; more people living on charity; larger relief lines; more misery. And precisely this happened. In the thirty days following the opening of the banks the number of unemployed had jumped probably to somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen millions; and the number of people who were literally wondering where their next meal might come from probably approximated thirty-five million. All of these figures are estimates, for one of the terrible facts is that we have no adequate statistical recording system in these matters. I think, however, the picture is not unfair. In other words, in the thirty days following March 13, the American people stood silently accepting one of the most crushing blows a country can endure without disintegrating. It was inevitable, and unavoidable; it had to happen; it was known when the measures to reopen the banks were taken; it had to be gone through with. But it imposed upon the country a duty to bend its utmost effort to reverse the tide at the earliest possible moment. Only by doing so could any government keep faith with a people which had given it the greatest mandate of recent years.

This will explain why the recovery legislation moved with such swift and sweeping steps. Public finances had to be put in shape, for the public credit was the last stand. Hence the balancing of the budget; the providing for adequate revenue; the insistence that particular groups, whatever their claims, would have to wait until the situation had righted. Hence the insistence that some order must be evolved out of the chaos in transportation; and that there must be machinery sufficient to require that order if it could not be produced by consent. Hence the legislation permitting assistance on a broad scale to farmers; legislation relieving the burden of mortgages upon home owners; emergency banking powers afforded to protect the banking system; and, probably the greatest effort of all, the Industrial Recovery Act.

Only by aggregate effort could the crisis be met; all of these measures pooled, for the purpose of meeting the situation, the power of the country. It is fashionable, in talking of these things now, to speak of Congress as a rubber stamp; whereas the fact is that that body throughout the session justified its existence as never before, not merely by originating measures, but by making them practical, available, and workable. The executive, as was its right and duty, took a brilliant lead; the Congress did a technical job second to none in the history of legislation. Had this not been achieved, it is not easy now to say what might have happened. Had the country not heeded the voice of the President when he suggested that banking facilities might once more be normally used; or had the necessary deflation caused by the bank holiday been permitted to ride unchecked, one can only imagine the outcome. At the very least, a radical change in the system under which we live would have been effected within a very short space of time.

All this was an aggregate effort; but it is the way of aggregate efforts to subordinate individuals to any degree necessary. American politics, however, differs from European politics in that it is the very embodiment of the individual. We never subordinated private life to the collectivism of an empire, or of a military government; we have no radical, or Left-Wing, movements of any importance demanding that the individual sink himself in some new economic order. In Europe the exact contrary is true: political philosophies, both revolutionary and reactionary, for years have been built on

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the idea that man lived for the state, in contra-distinction to our own idea that the state exists to serve individuals. It is true we lost sight of this in our economic development, especially during our mad drive to create huge corporations and huge industrial entities; the president of a big bank or a big steel company thinks of it as a bank or a steel company, and not an aggregation of many individuals who are employed by the steel company, serving a still larger aggregation of individuals who use the bank or use steel. But the collectivist philosophy of our financial and business classes never reached the political phase and would have proved an entirely unacceptable base from which to work.

Therein lies, perhaps, the characteristically American contribution to the economic phase. The use of aggregate machinery as a protection for the individual may not seem a startling step. Yet in political philosophy it almost amounts to that. In times of stress the methods assumed are pretty apt to hark back to national habit; and had our history been one of great military movements, or of ecclesiastical authoritarianism, or of recurrent communistic or socialistic movements, the result would have been quite different. Rooted as our habits were in the Jeffersonian philosophy, reoriented to fit the present circumstances along the lines of Mr. Roosevelt's Commonwealth Club speech in San Francisco last summer, the whole end was not to create collectivized classes and work with them, but to think of many millions of individuals and work for them. Humanly, this line of attack seems sound. There are not "the unemployed"; there are individuals who need jobs. There is not a "wage group"; there are individuals who work for wages. There are not even corporations; there are individuals working together. In a sense all of these groups have a collective entity. The question, however, is one of emphasis. You can look at the group and emphasize that; or you can look at the individual and think of him; and it is to the everlasting credit of the United States that at a time when the collective unit might easily have swallowed everything, the private lives of a great number of men and women furnished the real basis of action.

Besides this, there was an administrative problem of no mean proportions. It is easy to talk of the government "taking over" this, that, or the other thing—railroads, for instance. It is quite another thing to build an administrative organism which will handle these problems. That can be done, of course; in war time we did it, and the waste and (comparative) inefficiency of such a course is so well known as to need no description. The alternative is to leave control of operations where it lies, but to fasten upon the operators responsibilities which they are bound to fulfill. In terms of disturbance of economic life, the latter is infinitely the safer course.

There is a contrary view, exponents of which insist that the past three months witnessed the greatest loss of opportunity known in American history. Men like John T. Flynn and others of that school feel that in leaving ownership of the industrial and transportation plant of the country in private hands, in leaving the profit system substantially intact, the government merely flirted with the edge of the problem, declining to go to its heart. A fair argument can be made for this point of view; but it fails to take account of the fact that ownership has very little to do with the functioning of industrial systems today; rather they are dominated by "control"—men who are able to direct that system, not through ownership, but through force of a strategic position which they have acquired. In many ways it is literally easier to make demands upon this "control" group in industry than to put a government machine in place of it; for we have a considerable body of experience in handling control groups, and almost none, as yet, in creating government organisms to take over industrial functions on any large scale. As and when we acquire this additional experience, and, incidentally, learn to use our own political mechanisms better, the arguments for public ownership are likely to become irresistible. But we have not got there yet. Certainly we have not got there for the purpose of doing something immediately; and as of the end of last March, only the immediate measures could be said really to count. Long-range measures which did not provide at the same time for immediate relief were automatically barred by the violence of the need.

II

In a rapidly expanding country, and especially in a country which has plenty of free land, a government's principal business is to keep the peace. Men of ordinary intelligence and industry can always make a living.

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This was peculiarly true a century or so ago, when we were not befogged by the so-called "high standard of living," which in substance means dependence on a large variety of manufactured products, and on having a great number of technical services ready to hand. A man living on a self-sufficient hill farm in New Hampshire in 1830 was his own master on pretty much all counts, so long as the local authorities prevented stealing and gave him a bare modicum of transportation. His cash requirements were small, so that he had little need for banks; his luxuries could be provided for almost by a barter process; his subsistence was very nearly safe, anyhow. Even elementary cash requirements such as taxes could be paid partly in work. Translate him, however, into a modern wheat farmer, requiring tractors, gasoline, motor cars, long-range transportation to get to a railroad station, hired help, living not on the produce of his farms, but on the proceeds of what he can sell, and you have an entirely different person, even in terms of individualistic agriculture. Translate him still further into a factory worker in an industrial town, and you have a man who has almost become the sport of economic forces beyond his control. Now, his life is a series of impacts. The government may keep the peace for him; but there must also be a powerful tranportation net taking his produce from somewhere in Minnesota to somewhere in the East. The manipulation of the grain exchanges may make him or break him. The cost of his supplies, such as gasoline (formerly his own hay would do the work), or hardware (which formerly he made in his own blacksmith shop), or the thousand and one things he needs, determines whether at the end of the year he can pay a crop loan (which he did not need before) and the combination of these various elements will determine whether in three or four years he is relatively well off, or thoroughly wiped out. Since these various impacts are in large measure represented by industry, transportation, and banking; and since in these three fields concentration has gone on to a point where a very small group dominates these impacts, you have a true economic government growing up within the frame of the political government.

It is not easy to remember a mental attitude of three or four years ago; but it may be recalled that after the crash in 1929 the country waited with bated breath for tangible measures to be taken. But it did not look to Washington. It looked to Wall Street. The assumption was that some group of men representative in finance, industry, railroading and so on could get together, formulate a program, and get the country away to another head start. I have always thought that if American business had had sufficient imagination and sufficient verve, just that might have happened. But the silence from business quarters was almost deafening; and the country waited in vain. This economic government which had been tremendously determining the lives of many millions of individuals, and which had been accorded an enormous measure of confidence by the country, somehow failed to function.

This is not the place to analyze the reason for that failure; it can be summed up by saying that concentrated as business control was, it was still too disunited to function in terms of a national emergency. The many and many individual industrialists and bankers who struggled manfully to the point of exhaustion and insolvency in separate attempts to reverse the trend form an inspiring and fascinating picture of the American business man. But this does not even outline a system adequate to meet the situation. It is as though a war had broken out in this year of grace in modern France; and France had attempted to meet it with a mechanism of the feudal period, asking individual barons and counts and dukes to get together their own little cohorts, defend their own bits of territory, mobilize only under the loosest of leadership, with the most shadowy obligation for the entire result. The nearest analogue to the modern industrial leader is the Prince of the Italian city state which Machiavelli described: he won his position and held it by very much the same methods; and in spite of the dubious quality of those methods, he was often, like many of the Italian city princes, an extremely creditable individual. But just as the Italian city princes were quite unable to cope with a situation which involved all Italy (and Machiavelli's final chapter in *The Prince* is a despairing recognition of that fact), so the disunited efforts of a group of individuals tremendously powerful in their own spheres failed to deal with a national crisis here.

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As the crisis grew, this threw the economic problem squarely into the political field. The only national organization of great strength is the national government. If the field in which it was called upon to work was economic, it was none the less governmental. The line between business—that is to say, applied economics—and government simply vanishes when individuals are turned loose in such masses that their placelessness threatens the integrity of social institutions.

All of this was terrifically accentuated by the concentration of population in large cities. A population on the land will always maintain itself somehow, provided the state has the foresight to prevent any wholesale mortgage foreclosure mills from attempting to displace it. A population in a great city, however, hangs by the slenderest of mechanical threads. No individual, no corporation, for that matter no city, can do very much to stem or stimulate the great economic tides which mean life or death to a manufacturing centre; when its credit as well as its trade goes by the board (this actually happened in certain midwestern cities), the town can disintegrate under your hand in an amazingly short time. The whole net of transportation, business, credit must be re-established on a broad enough base to permit the populations to continue to live. Had the United States been divided into a series of small countries, the problem would have become almost insoluble. Being fortunate in having an almost self-sufficient national economy, a national government could enter the economic field on all fronts, dealing with the situation as an entire problem.

Accomplishing this by virtually conscripting in the direction of a national plan, the machinery of the industrial system has been called in some quarters Guild Fascism. This ignores the fact that mechanically fascism, corporate capitalism, and communism are so closely allied as to be almost indistinguishable. A committee of Communist Commissars, a corporate board of directors, a syndicate of Fascists, all work in about the same way. The real difference lies not in the form of organization, but in what goes on inside of the heads of the men forming the organization, and where the residuum of ultimate control lies. So long as the system evolved under the recovery legislation depends in final analysis on national elections, the resulting system cannot properly be said to be either communistic, or capitalistic, or fascistic. It remains as originally defined, democratic. And if, as many say, it is unsafe to trust to the mass instinct of American voters, the only answer which can be made is that to date we have found no better ultimate repository. A fascistic system almost necessarily begins by asserting the incompetence of the people; and is accompanied at once by a strangulation of free speech, free press, free assemblage, free elections. It is all a question of whether the group in control of the organization is using the country, or being used by it. Any system, including our own, is perfectly capable of being used by a group of powerful and ambitious men, so long as individuals remain supine, ignorant, or uninterested. But it happens that the average American just now is better informed than ever before; is anything but supine; and is taking the most vivid interest in affairs, and particularly in economic affairs, known in our history. I do not, therefore, share the fear that we are gently gliding into an obscure foreign philosophy which will eventually fasten on the country domination by a group acting primarily in its own interest. More accurately, this could happen, just as it could (and did) happen in other administrations; but if it does, it will be the fault of the average American voter rather than the fault of the form of organization. Nor do I have any great fear that we may so build up the state that the individual ceases to be able to make himself felt. To the contrary, it would seem that the last few months have been almost the heyday of individualism; certainly there never was a time when an idea which was at once intelligent and practical got swifter recognition, irrespective of its source.

Hence the recurrent model on which the emergency legislation was framed. That the collective effort must have leadership was obvious and that leadership must have sufficient power to command co-operation in case of recalcitrance. But the forefront of the work had to be done through the individual skill and ability of men. The scheme of much of the recent legislation calls for voluntary action by the individuals most affected, supplemented by governmental power where necessary to make that action effective. In transportation, the bulk

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of the work is thrown upon committees of railroad men themselves; in the Industrial Recovery Act, upon trade associations; in farm-credit adjustments, upon conciliation committees on the ground, and upon the farm organizations in their respective fields. In each case, the endeavor has been to call out individual effort, but to guide that effort in the direction calculated to achieve recovery. If you will think a moment, you will see that this was the only course possible. The alternative would have been a complete collectivization under a regime approaching military organization, in which the organization became everything, the individual nothing, and the democratic basis of American life a bit of passing history. We can now say with some measure of confidence that the success of this effort appears likely.

III

We shall not, I think, emerge from this experiment exactly as we went in. Something has been learned and something gained in all this which must color our thinking for a good many years to come. The first and most important is that however private the transaction appears to be, its effect must be considered in relation to the whole picture. A banker who floats an issue of bonds which is intrinsically unsound, though it offers him a profit, cannot rest on his individual profit as a measure of success. Others will do likewise; a few years of this sort of thing will end investment banking and the investment banker with it. He may pocket his profit; but he has commenced to write his death warrant, and the death warrant of all of his brethren with it. Again, every individual is a member of the system, and he is therefore perforce his brother's keeper. A commercial bank is not doing its duty when it keeps its own skirts clear but permits unsound or unethical banking to go on in the same community. The unsound bank fails; community confidence is upset; and the entire scheme of things breaks together. In industry we know, now, that the worker is quite as important as a consuming and living being as he is as a producer; for we can produce with considerable ease, while consumption as we know it today has to be wrought out of the whole art of living.

This last factor must be dwelt on for a moment, because it lies at the heart of many things which must be done. The business of today is not an affair of making profits. That is incidental. Business is the service of supply. It aims to provide goods and service sufficient to allow people to live, to develop, and to live still more fully. When it does not do this, business is bankrupt. It is bankrupt morally in the first place, and it is bankrupt financially shortly thereafter. So much we have learned. Consequently, the directive in every case must be the placing of individuals in a position where they can live freely, fully, and well. Only as they live freely, and fully, and well, can business exist at all.

A generation ago the man on the street in a factory town was regarded as a potential laborer. Today he may be regarded as a potential customer. I would change that conception a little. He must be regarded as the maker of a full, free life. If he is not that, business must necessarily suffer; and if the problem becomes too great, it must eventually fail. In the gross language of the balance sheet, we can say that a man in the breadline means a lower dividend rate. In the higher language of business intellect, we can say that a family seeking relief is a blot on the 'scutcheon of American business. So long as business is unable to solve that kind of problem, just so long must there be governmental interference.

It is easy to recognize what has happened in the last few years. The march of life has shifted what we used to call power from the political field to the economic. The real government of today is the great net of business influences which ultimately impact on the lives of all of us, determining what we do, how we live, and whether we can live at all.

IV

I have left to the end what is, to me, the most powerful factor. In meeting an economic crisis, we all of us have voluntarily ceded some part of our liberty of action. But in that sacrifice we have perhaps found some part of a freedom of soul which we had lost. If life were nothing more than working and eating and sleeping and dying, this tremendous fabric would be meaningless indeed. Let us confess quite frankly that in the decade past, life became in large measure just so drab a thing as that. Mr. Lawrence Dennis has pointed out that economic forces are loosed primarily by emotion and kept alive by faith. And when that faith is tied to the illusion of a material prosperity or a national income so transient that it can vanish overnight, we cannot be said to have any real civilization. A shrewd German, Von Beckerath, writing of us, observed that the materialistic clamor created by our system of production and profits had begun to consume the moral heritage on which we have built our nation; and pointed out that, when this moral heritage was finally overwhelmed, the entire system would be wrecked through sheer lack of energy and discipline. The ability to move forward though the end may not be in plain view is an affair of faith and of spirit, not of counting-house devices and economists' charts. This spiritual power can be supplied, for a time, in the excitement of a speculative wave. Again to quote Mr. Dennis, faith that United States Steel will reach 300 is after all better than faith

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in nothing—but so poor a faith that, when the expected goal is not reached and the inevitable decline takes place, its devotees are left without direction, without courage, and without hope.

The great justification for living is that life is a conduit of civilization; the great joy of life is to add some slight part to that civilization through personal fulfilment. The great faith of life is that through our very difficulties and in our efforts we deepen the stream and enlarge the scope of the spiritual life of the country. Without this faith, life becomes so uninteresting as hardly to be worth preserving. The economic structure is merely a means to this end; unless it is shot through with this motivation which builds on it, pervades it, uses it, the system has become sterile and its activities have become habits rather than useful processes.

We may remake our law; but it is not law for which we live. We may remake our finance; but finance is not life. We may remake our commerce; but commerce serves only desire. We may even remake our institutions; but institutions are only a frame. All these are not industry—they are tools. And those tools, however well constructed, are nothing save in the hands of men and women of vision, of courage, of faith, proceeding from an inner spiritual strength and discipline. This is why the now much-despised Puritans contributed the greatest single force in American life; it is, perhaps, why in the last decade our economic institutions grew fragile as our life grew meaningless. A credo of some kind is as necessary to keep an economic civilization going as it is a political or religious civilization. I do not know that it matters very much what that credo is, provided it is intrinsically spiritual. The attempts of the Russians to make a religion of their Communism, of Mussolini to place Fascism alongside of Catholicism, of Hitler to tie his movement on to the tail of some ancient Germanic religion, are eloquent testimony to this end. An army supplies its soldiers not merely with uniforms, but with a religion, and calls the result morale.

Fortunately, we have declined to attempt the creation of an *ad hoc* religion to serve as a thread on which to string the beads of a reorganized economics. There can be only one excuse for this omission. It is the faith that Americans will find such a religion each for himself; that a national consciousness of spiritual life—be it æsthetic, religious, or nationalistic, be it Platonic, Christian, Confucian, Puritan, Pagan, or Poetic—will produce for each individual the innate strength required both to serve and to resist—to join self-effacingly in a common effort, at the same time preserving the highest measure of individual life.

JOURNEY'S END

By Louisa Boyd Graham

The chrysalis turns quiet in its sheath;
With silver down the wood-mouse pads its cell;
The stillness of the earth lies deep beneath.
Has slumber touched my heart as well?

The copper-tinted beetle rustles low;
The cricket scrapes his thin harp to the sky;
The pine knoll patient waits its shroud of snow.
How could I say thoughts cannot die?

Again the reeds bend ghostly in the fog
That spreads its chilling cloak before the frost;
The spider travels deeper in the log—
How could I say dreams are not lost?

Gather the brown furred chestnuts on the lawn
And stroke the folded veils of butterflies,
And see that at the last the rose grows wan—
And say, at last, that magic dies.

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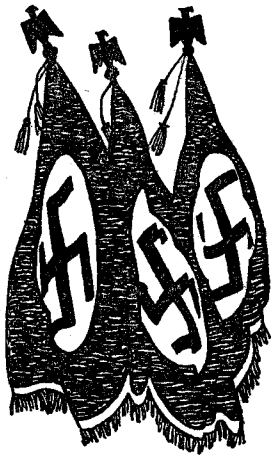
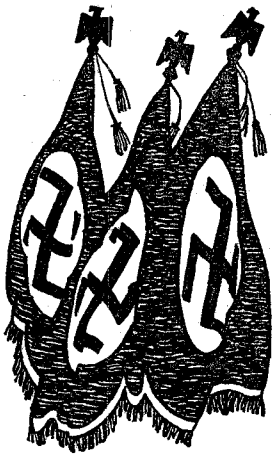


Hitler and the American Jew



By Dorothy Thompson and Benjamin Stolberg

What is a Jew? And what can be determined from the actions of American Jews in reply to the Nazi anti-Semitic campaign?

If Hitler had left the Jews alone the German counter-revolution might have been received somewhat dazedly but calmly by the Western world. The Nazi persecution of the Jews was rather less rigorous than the persecution of communists, socialists, militant republicans, liberals, and pacifists. Even some monarchists in Germany are now under "protective arrest." The postwar dictatorships have hardened the world to mass brutality against political opponents. Mussolini came to power no less violently than Hitler. Yet we sense a difference. For good or evil, Italian Fascism is a modern phenomenon. It is an attack on democracy and revolution. So is Hitlerism. But Hitlerism is also more than that. For deep psychic reasons, embedded in German history and hence in the German temper, Hitlerism is beyond its fear of social revolution a revolt against the whole of modern civilization. It is an assault on the twentieth century. It represents a sort of social atavism, a return to the darker side of the Middle Ages. And nothing gives us this curious feeling of the cultural regression in Hitlerism as significantly as its irrationally unmodern Judophobia.

Anti-Semitism is not confined to Germany. But its Nazi version recalls the mediæval Ghetto with its mystic and glorified *Judenhass*. The *legal* persecution of people on grounds which they cannot possibly avoid or change strikes us as peculiarly outrageous because it is literally senseless. The reasons given for it sound to us like a tale told by an idiot. It's like an attack on red-headed people. Even the victims of the Spanish Inquisition, those Jews whose conversion was doubted by the church, had some choice. They were welcome in other countries. They could, at least in theory, prove the sincerity of their new religion. At any rate, they could die for their own still-vital faith. German communists today are in a somewhat similar position. They are welcome in Soviet Russia. They can become Nazis, as some have. Or they can suffer for their convictions.

The German Jew, however, has no choice. Only if he be a powerful banker or broker, a class against which Hitler stormed as threateningly as he did against the "Marxists" before he came to power, is his "race" forgiven. But the vast majority of German Jews are helpless. They are not allowed to emigrate. Most of them have no vital religion; and, even if they had, they are outlawed on racial grounds. No man can change his race, especially if his "race" is deliberately defined to segregate him. In Hitler Germany one Jewish grandparent makes one a "Jew." So does marriage to a Jew. There is simply nothing a German Jew, whether he be one *de facto* or *de jure*, can do about it. He is entirely dependent upon the effect which universal protest may have upon the Hitler government. And for all such protest he is made a hostage. He is even forced into the indignity of denying his own tragedy. The Greeks, who gave us our sense of tragedy, had no word for it.

Public opinion the world over, especially in the great Western democracies, feels all this. It reacted spontaneously against the Nazi measures to kill the economic and cultural life of German Jewry. In Berlin practically all the foreign correspondents, few of whom are Jews, were deeply revolted by the terror. The world was also irritated, in the first days of the March pogroms, because the persecution of the Jews presented it with practical difficulties. German Jews fled in considerable numbers to foreign cities. They could not be treated like political refugees. They had to be treated like the victims of a natural catastrophe. Immigration laws had to be ignored. They had to be physically taken care of. The situation was embarrassing; indeed, it still is. Every country has a huge unemployment problem and resents this gratuitous addition to its troubles.

Moreover, in all democracies, and particularly in America, there is a natural aversion to the whole nonsensical racial theory of the Nazis. After all, if it be true, as Hitler insists, that a nation can consist only of blood brothers like an Indian tribe, then our whole American history is just one long folly. To be sure, we have our own race problem. And, like every other great society, we have suffered from innumerable know-nothing

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movements. But at least our bigotries have no official sanction. If race prejudice be unleashed on an even larger scale than already plagues the world, no country would suffer graver consequences than America, which has been built on exactly the opposite theory.

For the average American it is almost impossible to understand Nazi anti-Semitism. Those Americans who dislike Jews are not proud of it. They do not advertise it. It expresses an emotional reaction, not a philosophical conviction. Nazi anti-Semitism is glorified into a noble doctrine. It is raised into a philosophy of life. It derives, in vulgar form, from the romantic notion of the Prussian "state" as developed by Hegel, Fichte, Schelling down to such hooligan nationalists as Treitschke and Bernhardi. It was turned into a definitely anti-Semitic "science" by two pseudo-scientific non-German writers, the Frenchman Count Gobineau and the Englishman Houston Stewart Chamberlain. These gentlemen, whose views are on the whole neglected in their native lands, advanced the so-called Nordic theory, which holds that all the creative work in the world has been done by long-legged, blue-eyed, blond-haired "Aryans," of whom Jesus was one. All the dark peoples, and especially the "Semites," are mere parasites on their Aryan hosts. Scientifically this platinum blond version of human greatness is a mere obsession. In fact, few Germans, unless they be Baltic Slavs, resemble this Aryan idol. But the German mind, for all its real genius, suffers from the romantic tendency to drive every notion to its last conclusion, no matter how absurd. Hence anti-Semitism in Germany has always been far more rationalized, more violently intellectual, than elsewhere. The Czarist bureaucracy ordered the Jews killed and then simply denied its guilt. But Doctor Goebbels, Hitler's minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment (*sic*), whose very appearance forced him to write several pamphlets denying that he is a Jew, must needs have a scientific and even an artistic theory of Jew-baiting.

The violence of the Nordic illusion in Germany is really a rationalization of historic frustrations. The French or the English, who have been national units for centuries, do not have to reassure themselves forever that they are French or English. The deep sense of inferiority which characterizes German nationalism comes from its age-long struggle for national integration, in which it failed even in 1870, for the Austrian, the Bohemian, and the Swiss Germans stayed out. It is this belated and incomplete national growth which led to the romantic and compensatory effort to define Germanness, to render it inspired doctrine and to indoctrinate the German people with it. Thus the German nation became the perfect "race"—*der Rassenstaat*. This obsession of racial-national superiority is particularly virulent with those whose racial purity is most debatable. Hitler's violent personal anti-Semitism and his manic Germanism are undoubtedly due to his highly mixed racial origin and to the fact that until last year he was a legal alien in Germany.

The Nazi racial theory is also a rationalization of economic self-interest. The Nazi movement got its mass support from the disinherited middle classes, which were impoverished during the war and ruined afterward. *Der rasende Spiessbürger*—the frenzied Babbitt—still furnishes the social base for Hitlerism. And the German Babbitt looked upon the Jew as his chief competitor during the republic. The Jews, he felt, then obtained a disproportionate number of the best jobs in the state, in trade, and in the professions. They also acquired a disproportionate leadership in the intellectual and artistic life of the country. This was partly true. But "race" had nothing to do with it.

The reason so many Jews rose to commanding positions during the fourteen years of the Weimar Republic —from 1918 to last March—is because the Jews were among her staunchest supporters. They had to be. The German democracy, whatever its weaknesses, was definitely against anti-Semitism. Of the German non-Jews a great many were opposed to the democratic régime. Naturally the Jews got a relatively large number of the best jobs. Unfortunately, the long tradition of German anti-Semitism, which was semiofficial before 1918, had developed a solidarity among them which led to some job favoritism. One of the worst effects of anti-Semitism is upon the Jews themselves. It drives them into deeper solidarity and prevents their natural assimilation.

The Weimar Republic also released new creative forces in the German people. The best minds and talents of Germany were, and are now, for democracy and not for Hitler. The distinguished artists and writers and intellectuals since the war were those who affirmed and not those who assaulted the democratic spirit in German life. Some of them were non-Jews, like Thomas and Heinrich Mann. Others were Jews, like Franz Werfel and Arnold Zweig. But the educated elements which clung to monarchism and the Junkers, which shouted for a new militarism, for anti-Semitism, for fascism, contributed nothing to the awakening of the 1920's. Among the latter, of course, there were no Jews. In business, too, the democratic liberation emphasized an international outlook. And the Jew, cosmopolitan by contact and tradition, often took precedence over the more nationalistic "Nordic" financier and industrialist.

In short, the explanation of Jewish influence in German life, from the fall of the Kaiser to the advent of Hitler, must be sought in an analysis of Germany and not in an analysis of the German Jew. Jews as a group are neither more intelligent nor more able than others. Otherwise the American Jew would also enjoy a pre-

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dominant position. Yet in America, or in England or France, the Jew does not dominate either intellectually or creatively or in business or in social movements. A list of the leading American novelists would contain few, if any, Jewish names. A list of our great masters of finance and industry would be predominantly non-Jewish. Not "race" but life stimulates gifts.

II

Anti-Semitism, like all ignorance, is easy. To the anti-Semite, no matter how highfalutin his theories, a Jew is a Jew and that settles it. But to the rest of the world, and especially to the Jews themselves, the Jewish problem is difficult, ever paradoxical and enigmatic. Unlike the Irish and the Poles, the Jew cannot achieve national self-determination. They are not a nation. Nationalism must have a homeland, not a nostalgia, such as Zionism, for an alien theocracy now dead for twenty centuries. Palestine is not the fatherland of Messrs. Justices Brandeis and Cardozo in the sense in which Poland was always the home of Paderewski or Bohemia the home of Professor Mazaryk. On the whole, the Jewish masses are anti-Zionist, especially in America, partly because Palestine obviously belongs to its native Arabs, partly because they distrust British imperialism, but mainly because they love their own countries.

The fact is that the Jew defies definition. To modern anthropology the Jews are no more a race than they are a nation. No "race" is less pure today than are the Jews, who have interbred all over the world for two thousand years. They have completely lost their original Arabic identity, unless they be Arab Jews. There are colored and Chinese Jews, who are not converts to Judaism. Nor are the Jews a religious sect. It is obviously unnecessary to believe in any of the several Jewish faiths to be a Jew. The most satisfactory explanation of the Jewish problem is still Karl Kautsky's famous theory, now borne out by modern psychoanalysis, that the Jews are a state of mind, the result of a long and agonized history of social maladjustments in the non-Jewish world; and that the only cure for Jews is a socialized society which will permit them to assimilate into the national and racial groups to which they actually belong.

It is essential to understand this will-o'-the-wisp nature of the Jewish question if one wishes to gauge significantly the reaction of the American Jew to Hitlerism. This reaction is deeply hurt, movingly pathetic, clear in indignation, but confused in strategy by the different class interests and group attitudes within American Jewry. There are, of course, any number of Jewish organizations—fraternal, philanthropic, business, labor, religious, Zionist—which deal with specific purposes. But the Jewish people as a whole are *not* agreed on the nature of the Jewish problem or on its solution. Therefore no organization exists, or *can* exist, which represents them on the Jewish question as such. It is precisely toward anti-Semitism, which raises this question in all its aspects, that the Jews can least achieve a united front. The Jewish banker reacts to anti-Semitism very differently from the Jewish storekeeper. And the rabbis, who necessarily have a vested interest in the Jewish problem, react very differently from the Jewish wage-earners, whose interest is to liquidate it.

The American upper Jewish classes reacted to the Nazi pogroms cautiously, conservatively, diplomatically. The professional Jews, those who make a career of Jewishness, reacted with intense race-consciousness. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, who has a considerable following among the younger Jewish chauvinists, accepts completely Hitler's own impassioned apotheosis of "race." To the Lewisohns the Jews are still the Chosen People. The Jewish masses, on the other hand, reacted to Hitler on socialist or on democratic grounds, at any rate on broad humanitarian grounds, careful not to indict the German people for the misdeeds of the fascist dictatorship.

III

The American Jewish Committee, which has done extremely valuable work in the postwar rehabilitation of Jewish communities the world over, is controlled by a small group of wealthy German-American Jews, here for generations. One of its founders was the late Louis Marshall, a man of enormous character, simplicity, and honesty, who ran the committee dictatorially. For all his extreme conservatism he had a real feeling for the Jewish masses. Thus he was extremely sympathetic with the Soviet experiment of settling Jews on the land. Under his leadership the Jewish masses came to look upon the committee as a sort of Red Cross to meet the ravages of anti-Semitism.

When the Hitler anti-Semitic outbreak first began, the American Jews expected the Committee to meet these outbreaks more effectively than any other group. The Committee is supported by the Schiffs, the Warburgs, the Lehmans, in short by the leaders of Jewish influence and wealth. But it is precisely the international bankers and big business leaders who proved to be temperamentally the least able to cope with the Hitler fanaticism. The very wealthy Jews are race-sensitive from a feeling of social inferiority with Gentiles of the same economic station. But they lack the pugnacity of the race-conscious chauvinist. Besides, their social conservatism keeps them from fully realizing the true horror of a fascist terror. Their attitude is pretty much that of Jewish wealth in Germany. They have large investments in Germany. They hope to come to terms with Hitler. They are guided by such German Jews as Max Warburg, of the great Hamburg banking house, whose

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firm was threatened one day with dissolution by the Nazis and then agitatedly reassured the next day by the Reichsbank. When Doctor Hjalmar Schacht of the Reichsbank visited this country, some members of the American Jewish Committee had him meet for dinner a number of very influential Americans, who indicated to him that Americans do not like pogroms. People like that are accustomed to settling things in private conference, over a luncheon table, quietly, confidentially. This business of being suddenly face to face with King Kong had them completely baffled.

Accordingly the American Jewish Committee tried to soft-pedal things. It advised watchful waiting. It refused to participate in parades, demonstrations, protest meetings. It tried to get the government to do something, but very, very quietly. Hush-hush! was the word. In short, while the stress of the situation demanded leadership, the American Jewish Committee offered restraint. It did nothing, most diplomatically.

The results were swift and simple. The committee was flooded with letters and telegrams denouncing its attitude. The Jewish press turned on it savagely. The American Jewish Committee reeled a bit. It almost apologized. But the damage to its prestige was done.

What is bad for the American Jewish Committee is good for the American Jewish Congress, which is entirely the sounding board of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. While the late Louis Marshall lived he did his best to sabotage the dramatic qualities of Doctor Wise. The Congress was, indeed, organized some years ago in opposition to what Doctor Wise considered the racial conservatism of the Committee. The Congress is Zionist and militantly race-conscious.

Normally, the American Jewish Congress is a pure paper organization. It represents nobody but itself. The committee represents wealth, which is real. The Congress represents leadership—without followers. It is by no means invidious to say that Rabbi Wise is a "leader in Israel" mainly in Gentile eyes. But, unlike the committee, the Congress *invites* mass following. It is a propaganda organization. Its aim is to make the Jews more Jewish, to make them Zionists, to stem the inevitable assimilation of the American Jews.

Nobody doubts Rabbi Wise's sincere belief in the gospel of racial solidarity, of race-consciousness, of the absurd doctrine that every Jew who believes in assimilation is a "renegade." But there also can be no doubt that the American Jewish Congress saw in the Hitler anti-Semitic outbreaks the chance of a lifetime to gather some mass following. The rank and file of the American Jews wanted to protest. Doctor Wise was very glad to lead them. And to a large extent the reaction of the American Jews to Hitlerism can be studied in the relations of the American Jewish Congress with the Jewish masses.

The Hitler persecutions profoundly stirred and outraged the Jewish masses. The Jewish workers, who with their families make up more than half of American Jewry, tend to stick to an old-fashioned socialism in theory, though in fact they are both in psychology and in their mode of life a part of the lower middle class as is the rest of our trade-union movement. The Jewish *petit bourgeoisie* simply believes in American democracy. Both these groups, which constitute about 90 per cent of our Jewish population, wanted to voice their protest in parades, mass meetings, demonstrations. Unfortunately our organized labor movement does not think it necessary to protest in behalf of their German comrades. Unfortunately the liberal forces in America, though not silent, seem unable to demonstrate their disapproval of the fascist terror. The Jewish masses would have preferred, avowedly, to march under the banners of American labor and democracy. Since the American Jewish Congress was the only organization which was willing to lead them, they did for a brief time, from early March to the end of May, rally around the congress. But friction soon developed.

The Congress, being professionally race-conscious, wished to confine all protests to the persecution of the German Jews. *Opinion,* a highly chauvinistic Jewish journal of which Doctor Wise is one of the editors and the chief contributor, published an article on "Italian versus German Fascism," praising the "statesman" Mussolini and indicting Hitler, implying that the Jews do not object to fascism but only to the injection of anti-Semitism into it. Nothing is farther from the feelings of the Jewish rank and file in this country. The American Jewish Congress also constantly invited on its platform ministers of every denomination who protested against the "religious" intolerance of Hitler. This antagonized the Jewish trade unionists, who rightly consider the German Jews the scapegoats of social and not of religious persecution. Then again, the Congress wanted a boycott of German goods. Jewish labor objected and forced

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the Congress to abandon the idea. Rightly or wrongly, Jewish labor wished to be guided on this vital question by the attitude of German labor, not by the tactics of professional Jews.

It is interesting to note that whenever there were demonstrations in the streets of our cities the Jewish masses carried banners protesting against the Hitler persecutions of republicans, socialists, communists, liberals as well as Jews. But whenever there were meetings, like the great Madison Square Garden meeting in New York, which were managed by the professional Jewish leaders, all protest was carefully limited to the plight of the German Jews, whose predicament was absurdly compared to the troubles of the church in Mexico and Russia. Such fundamental diversity of aim soon alienated the Jewish masses from the American Jewish Congress. The truth is that the vast majority of the Jews are not interested in professional Judaism. Now the Congress is once more Rabbi Wise's personal bureau.

The masses of the American Jews are against Hitler on many grounds besides his anti-Jewish program. They are for democracy. They are for civil rights. They are against war. They dislike militarism. They are against a system in which a secret police can arrest and hold any one without trial. They are for free education. They are for that half of the German people which voted against Hitler. In all this they are at one with the vast majority of the American people and with the best traditions of this country. It was the Jewish masses who demonstrated for all of us, partly because Hitler attacked the Jews directly, but also because they have more closely in their own background the memory of what it is to live under tyranny.

The Jewish upper classes are essentially too conservative to realize that anti-Semitism is a symptom of social reaction and, therefore, temperamentally cannot fight it. The professional Jewish leaders cannot fight it because they are forced to trade on race-consciousness, meeting pride with pride. The Jewish masses sense that the only way to fight anti-Semitism is to fight for social progress all along the line. For the only answer to anti-Semitism is social freedom, which points to the assimilation of the Jews. Jews are not a racial group but a sociological phenomenon, perpetuated by persecution and intolerance. The modern Jewish "question" is the ghost of reactionary forces. Under the light of social justice it dissolves.

PICNIC

By Arthur Davison Ficke

NEAR Florence once upon a hill
When all the world was rent by ill,
There were, so says Boccaccio's pen,
Some ladies and some gentlemen
Who, tired of cities packed with evil,
Consigned the loud world to the devil,
And far from all that discontent
Partook of private merriment.

To me, it seems they did no wrong
In lightening with an hour of song
And wanton mirth and revelry
One spot of earth's vast misery.
Had they been heroes and gone down
To fight the plague-fire in the town,
Their deaths had been of no avail
Save rob us of a pleasant tale.
Nor do I think that we do ill
Who picnic now upon this hill.

I think that you, O girl of gold
With secret meditative eyes,
Might have been welcome to that old
Gay group of learned butterflies.
And you, ferocious mighty face
With eyes so deep-sunk and so kind,
Could also there have found a place
And clashed with the Petrarchan mind.
Tall girl as slender and as dark
As any shadow of the moon,
Even that company would hark
If you sang low some Spanish tune.
And not a lady of them all
Would fail, O man of might, to note
Your lion-wisdom and recall
The laughter shouted from your throat.
No, not a look, a laugh, a word
Of this our hillside mood tonight
But would have chimed in good accord
With that old island of delight.

Let never the immortal gods
Reproach me that, when here below
They gave their golden periods,
I did not answer, did not know!
And when sometime the story ends,
What save such memories have I
Of laughter and the love of friends
To make me welcome in the sky?

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Slave on the Block

A STORY

By Langston Hughes

THEY were people who went in for Negroes—Michael and Anne—the Carraways. But not in the social-service, philanthropic sort of way, no. They saw no use in helping a race that was already too charming and naïve and lovely for words. Leave them unspoiled and just enjoy them, Michael and Anne felt. So they went in for the Art of Negroes—the dancing that had such jungle life about it, the songs that were so simple and fervent, the poetry that was so direct, so real. They never tried to influence that art, they only bought it and raved over it, and copied it. For they were artists, too.

In their collection they owned some Covarrubias originals. Of course Covarrubias wasn't a Negro, but how he caught the darky spirit! They owned all the Robeson records and all the Bessie Smith. And they had a manuscript of Countee Cullen's. They saw all the plays with or about Negroes, read all the books, and adored the Hall Johnson Singers. And they had met Doctor DuBois. Of course, they knew Harlem like their own backyard, that is, all the speakeasies and night clubs and dance halls, from the Cotton Club and the ritzy joints where Negroes couldn't go themselves, down to places like the Hot Dime, where white folks couldn't get in—unless they knew the man. (And tipped heavily.)

They were acquainted with lots of Negroes, too—but somehow the Negroes didn't seem to like them very much. Maybe the Carraways gushed over them too soon. Or maybe they looked a little like poor white folks, although they were really quite well off. Or maybe they tried too hard to make friends, dark friends, and the dark friends suspected something. Or perhaps their house in the Village was too far from Harlem, or too hard to find, being back in one of those queer and expensive little side streets that had once been alleys before the art invasion came. Anyway, occasionally a furtive Negro might accept their invitation for tea, or cocktails; and sometimes a lesser Harlem celebrity or two would decorate their rather slow parties; but one seldom came back for more. As much as they loved Negroes, Negroes didn't seem to love Michael and Anne.

But they were blessed with a wonderful colored cook and maid—until she took sick and died in her room in their basement. And then the most marvellous ebony boy walked into their life, a boy as black as all the Negroes they'd ever known put together.

"He *is* the jungle," said Anne when she saw him.

"He's 'I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray,'" said Michael.

For Anne thought in terms of pictures: she was a painter. And Michael thought in terms of music: he was a composer for the piano. And they had a most wonderful idea of painting pictures and composing music that went together, and then having a joint "concert-exhibition" as they would call it. Her pictures and his music. The Carraways, a sonata and a picture, a fugue and a picture. It would be lovely, and such a novelty, people would have to like it. And many of their things would be Negro. Anne had painted their maid six times. And Michael had composed several themes based on the spirituals, and on Louis Armstrong's jazz. Now here was this ebony boy. The essence in the flesh.

They had nearly missed the boy. He had come when they were out to gather up the things the cook had left, and take them to her sister in Jersey. It seems that he was the late cook's nephew. The new colored maid had let him in and given him the two suitcases of poor dear Emma's belongings, and he was on his way to the Subway. That is, he was in the hall, going out just as the Carraways, Michael and Anne, stepped in. They could hardly see the boy, it being dark in the hall, and he being dark, too.

"Hello," they said. "Is this Emma's nephew?"

"Yes'm," said the maid. "Yes'm."

"Well, come in," said Anne, "and let us see you. We loved your aunt so much. She was the best cook we ever had."

"You don't know where *I* could get a job, do you?"

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said the boy. This took Michael and Anne back a bit, but they rallied at once. So charming and naïve to ask right away for what he wanted.

Anne burst out, "You know, I think I'd like to paint you."

Michael said, "Oh, I say now, that would be lovely! He's so utterly Negro."

The boy grinned.

Anne said, "Could you come back tomorrow?"

And the boy said, "Yes, indeed. I sure could."

The upshot of it was that they hired him. They hired him to look after the garden, which was just about as big as Michael's grand piano—only a little square behind the house. You know those Village gardens. Anne sometimes painted in it. And occasionally they set the table there for four on a spring evening. Nothing grew in the garden really, practically nothing. But the boy said he could plant things. And they had to have some excuse to hire him.

The boy's name was Luther. He had come from the South to his relatives in Jersey, and had had only one job since he got there, shining shoes for a Greek in Elizabeth. But the Greek fired him because the boy wouldn't give half his tips over to the proprietor.

"I never heard of a job where I had to pay the boss, instead of the boss paying me," said Luther. "Not till I got here."

"And then what did you do?" said Anne.

"Nothing. Been looking for a job for the last four months."

"Poor boy," said Michael; "poor, dear boy."

"Yes," said Anne. "You must be hungry." And they called the cook to give him something to eat.

Luther dug around in the garden a little bit that first day, went out and bought some seeds, came back and ate some more. They made a place for him to sleep in the basement by the furnace. And the next day Anne started to paint him, after she'd bought the right colors.

"He'll be good company for Mattie," they said. "She claims she's afraid to stay alone at night when we're out, so she leaves." They suspected, though, that Mattie just liked to get up to Harlem. And they thought right. Mattie was not as settled as she looked. Once out, with the Savoy open until three in the morning, why come home? That was the way Mattie felt.

In fact, what happened was that Mattie showed Luther where the best and cheapest hot spots in Harlem were located. Luther hadn't even set foot in Harlem before, living twenty-eight miles away, as he did, in Jersey, and being a kind of quiet boy. But the second night he was there Mattie said, "Come on, let's go. Working for white folks all day, I'm tired. They needn't think I was made to answer telephones all night." So out they went.

Anne noticed that most mornings Luther would doze almost as soon as she sat him down to pose, so she eventually decided to paint Luther asleep. "The Sleeping Negro," she would call it. Dear, natural childlike people, they would sleep anywhere they wanted to. Anyway, asleep, he kept still and held the pose.

And he *was* an adorable Negro. Not tall, but with a splendid body. And a slow and lively smile that lighted up his black, black face, for his teeth were very white, and his eyes, too. Most effective in oil and canvas. Better even than Emma had been. Anne could stare at him at leisure when he was asleep. One day she decided to paint him nude, or at least half nude. A slave picture, that's what she would do. The market at New Orleans for a background. And call it "The Boy on the Block."

So one morning when Luther settled down in his sleeping pose, Anne said, "No," she had finished that picture. She wanted to paint him now representing to the full the soul and sorrow of his people. She wanted to paint him as a slave about to be sold. And since slaves in warm climates had no clothes, would he please take off his shirt.

Luther smiled a sort of embarrassed smile and took off his shirt.

"Your undershirt, too," said Anne. But it turned out that he had on B. V. D.'s so he had to go out and change altogether. He came back and mounted the box that Anne said would serve just then for a slave block, and she began to sketch. Before luncheon Michael came in, and went into rhapsodies over Luther on the box without a shirt, about to be sold into slavery. He said he must put him into music right now. And he went to the piano and began to play something that sounded like Deep River in the jaws of a dog, but Michael said it was a modern slave plaint, 1850 in terms of 1933. Vieux Carré remembered on 135th Street. Slavery in the Cotton Club.

Anne said, "It's too marvellous!" And they painted and played till dark, with rest periods in between for Luther. Then they all knocked off for dinner. Anne

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and Michael went out later to one of Lew Leslie's new shows. And Luther and Mattie said, "Thank God!" and got dressed up for Harlem.

Funny, they didn't like the Carraways. They treated them nice and paid them well. "But they're too strange," said Mattie, "they makes me nervous."

"They is mighty funny," Luther agreed.

They didn't understand the vagaries of white folks, neither Luther nor Mattie, and they didn't want to be bothered trying.

"I does my work," said Mattie. "After that I don't want to be painted, or asked to sing songs, nor nothing like that."

The Carraways often asked Luther to sing, and he sang. He knew a lot of southern worksongs and reels, and spirituals and ballads.

"Dear Ma, I'm in hard luck:
Three days since I et,
And the stamp on this letter's
Gwine to put me in debt."

The Carraways allowed him to neglect the garden altogether. About all Luther did was pose and sing. And he got tired of that.

Indeed, both Luther and Mattie became a bit difficult to handle as time went on. The Carraways blamed it on Mattie. She had gotten hold of Luther. She was just simply spoiling a nice simple young boy. She was old enough to know better. Mattie was in love with Luther.

At least, he slept with her. The Carraways discovered this one night about one o'clock when they went to wake Luther up (the first time they'd ever done such a thing) and ask him if he wouldn't sing his own marvellous version of John Henry for a man who had just come from Saint Louis and was sailing for Paris tomorrow. But Luther wasn't in his own bed by the furnace. There was a light in Mattie's room, so Michael knocked softly. Mattie said, "Who's that?" And Michael poked his head in, and here were Luther and Mattie in bed together!

Of course, Anne condoned them. "It's so simple and natural for Negroes to make love." But Mattie, after all, was forty if she was a day. And Luther was only a kid. Besides Anne thought that Luther had been ever so much nicer when he first came than he was now. But from so many nights at the Savoy, he had become a marvellous dancer, and he was teaching Anne the Lindy Hop to Cab Calloway's records. Besides, her picture of "The Boy on the Block" wasn't anywhere near done. And he did take pretty good care of the furnace. So they kept him. At least, Anne kept him, although Michael said he was getting a little bored with the same Negro always in the way.

For Luther had grown a bit familiar lately. He smoked up all their cigarettes, drank their wine, told jokes on them to their friends, and sometimes even came upstairs singing and walking about the house when the Carraways had guests in who didn't share their enthusiasm for Negroes, natural or otherwise.

Luther and Mattie together were a pair. They quite frankly lived with one another now. Well, let that go. Anne and Michael prided themselves on being different; artists, you know, and liberal-minded people—maybe a little scatter-brained, but then (secretly, they felt) that came from genius. They were not ordinary people, bothering about the liberties of others. Certainly, the last thing they would do would be to interfere with the delightful simplicity of Negroes.

But Mattie must be giving Luther money and buying him clothes. He was really dressing awfully well. And on her Thursday afternoons off she would come back loaded down with packages. As far as the Carraways could tell, they were all for Luther.

And sometimes there were quarrels drifting up from the basement. And often, all too often, Mattie had moods. Then Luther would have moods. And it was pretty awful having two dark and glowering people around the house. Anne couldn't paint and Michael couldn't play.

One day, when she hadn't seen Luther for three days, Anne called downstairs and asked him if he wouldn't please come up and take off his shirt and get on the box.

The picture was almost done. Luther came dragging his feet upstairs and humming:

"Before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in ma grave
And go home to my Jesus
And be free."

And that afternoon he let the furnace go almost out.

That was the state of things when Michael's mother (whom Anne had never liked) arrived from Kansas

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City to pay them a visit. At once neither Mattie nor Luther liked her either. She was a mannish old lady, big and tall, and inclined to be bossy. Mattie, however, did spruce up her service, cooked delicious things, and treated Mrs. Carraway with a great deal more respect than she did Anne.

"I never play with servants," Mrs. Carraway had said to Michael, and Mattie must have heard her.

But Luther, he was worse than ever. Not that he did anything wrong, Anne thought, but the way he did things! For instance, he didn't need to sing now all the time, especially since Mrs. Carraway had said she didn't like singing. And certainly not songs like "You Rascal, You."

But all things end! With the Carraways and Luther it happened like this: One forenoon, quite without a shirt (for he expected to pose) Luther came sauntering through the library to change the flowers in the vase. He carried red roses. Mrs. Carraway was reading her morning scripture from the *Health and Life*.

"Oh, good morning," said Luther. "How long are you gonna stay in this house?"

"I never liked familiar Negroes," said Mrs. Carraway, over her nose glasses.

"Huh!" said Luther. "That's too bad! I never liked poor white folks."

Mrs. Carraway screamed, a short, loud, dignified scream. Michael came running in bathrobe and pajamas. Mrs. Carraway grew tall. There was a scene. Luther talked. Michael talked. Anne appeared.

"Never, never, never," said Mrs. Carraway, "have I suffered such impudence from servants—and a nigger servant—in my own son's house."

"Mother, Mother, Mother," said Michael. "Be calm. I'll discharge him." He turned on the nonchalant Luther. "Go!" he said. "Go, go!"

"Michael," Anne cried, "I haven't finished 'The Slave on the Block.'" Her husband looked nonplussed. For a moment he breathed deeply.

"Either he goes or I go," said Mrs. Carraway, firm as a rock.

"He goes," said Michael with strength from his mother.

"Oh!" cried Anne. She looked at Luther. His black arms were full of roses he had brought to put in the vases. He had on no shirt. "Oh!" His body was ebony.

"Don't worry 'bout me!" said Luther. "I'll go."

"Yes, we'll go," boomed Mattie from the doorway, for she had come up from below, fat and belligerent. "We've stood enough foolery from you white folks! Yes, we'll go. Come on, Luther."

What could she mean, "stood enough"? What had they done to them, Anne and Michael wondered. They had tried to be kind. "Oh!"

"Sneaking around knocking on our door at night," Mattie went on. "Yes, we'll go. Pay us! Pay us! Pay us!" So she remembered that time they had come for Luther at night. That was it.

"I'll pay you," said Michael. He followed Mattie out.

Anne looked at her black boy.

"Good-bye," Luther said. "You fix the vases."

He handed over his armful of roses, glanced impudently at old Mrs. Carraway and grinned—grinned that wide, beautiful, white-toothed grin that made Anne say when she first saw him, "He looks like the jungle." Grinned, and disappeared in the dark hall, with no shirt on his back.

"Oh," Anne moaned distressfully, "my 'Boy on the Block'!"

"Huh!" snorted Mrs. Carraway.

THE NIGHTINGALE

By George Dillon

Spring is over, but not quite—
For to him who listens long
Suddenly in the dead of night
She retells herself in song,
Rousing from her summer's ease.
One by one the pure cries start:
Those are the first primroses,
Small, and few, and far apart.

Livelier, but no less fair,
Come the cowslips. On old stones
The moss brightens. Here and there
Bushes turn to misty bronze,
And the whitethorn blossoming
Yields its one long crystal note.
Silence, then; the voice of spring
Slumbers in the savage throat.

Now it wakens—clearer, higher,
Staunchless, as the memories crowd:
Forests catch with golden fire.
Fields and orchards bloom aloud.
Herbs, weeds, grasses, drunk with dew,
In bold discord growing rich,
Block the pathways, and the blue
Lupin floods the roadside ditch,

And upon the hills like snow,
And like snowdrifts in the dells,
Daisies, daisies! Even so,
The wild peroration swells
Till the heart forgets its grief
Or breaks, hearing—till is heard
Every flower, every leaf:
All of springtime in one bird.

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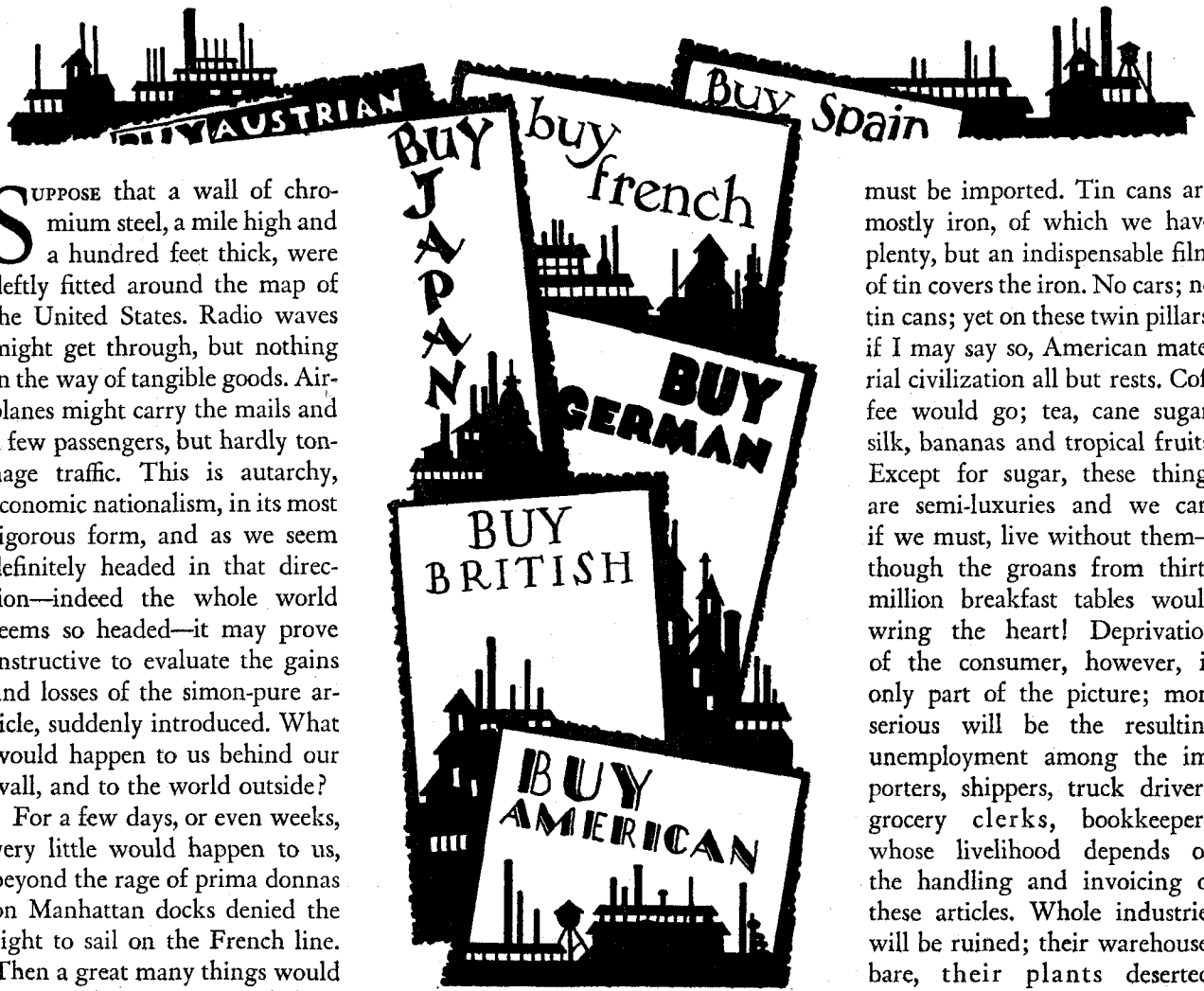
Autarchy—
Is It the Economic Road of the Future?

By Stuart Chase



Suppose that a wall of chromium steel, a mile high and a hundred feet thick, were deftly fitted around the map of the United States. Radio waves might get through, but nothing in the way of tangible goods. Airplanes might carry the mails and a few passengers, but hardly tonnage traffic. This is autarchy, economic nationalism, in its most rigorous form, and as we seem definitely headed in that direction—indeed the whole world seems so headed—it may prove instructive to evaluate the gains and losses of the simon-pure article, suddenly introduced. What would happen to us behind our wall, and to the world outside?

For a few days, or even weeks, very little would happen to us, beyond the rage of prima donnas on Manhattan docks denied the right to sail on the French line. Then a great many things would begin to happen, some of them exceedingly serious. Perhaps most serious of all would be the cessation of imports of rubber. Boats laden with latex from the East Indies would blunt their noses on the chromium wall and turn sorrowfully back. Presently the tire supply would fail; presently the entire automotive industry would be brought to a standstill. This would throw some 4,000,000 men and women out of work, bring road-building programs to a halt, ruin every vestige of the roadside industries, and inaugurate a confusion and chaos in the going habits of Americans that is well-nigh impossible to imagine.

Another bombshell would be the failure of tin. The United States has no substantial tin deposits; the metal must be imported. Tin cans are mostly iron, of which we have plenty, but an indispensable film of tin covers the iron. No cars; no tin cans; yet on these twin pillars, if I may say so, American material civilization all but rests. Coffee would go; tea, cane sugar, silk, bananas and tropical fruits. Except for sugar, these things are semi-luxuries and we can, if we must, live without them—though the groans from thirty million breakfast tables would wring the heart! Deprivation of the consumer, however, is only part of the picture; more serious will be the resulting unemployment among the importers, shippers, truck drivers, grocery clerks, bookkeepers, whose livelihood depends on the handling and invoicing of these articles. Whole industries will be ruined; their warehouses bare, their plants deserted, their employees on the streets. Banks holding their paper will crumble; railroad-car loadings dip dizzily.

As Canadian newsprint supplies diminish, the printing and publishing industry will proceed to go haywire—possibly to the point of slashing into our remaining forests. All printed matter, books, magazines, newspapers, will rise in cost. Similar reverberations—some greater, some lesser—will resound from the industries dealing in hides, furs, chocolate, vegetable oils, jute, ferro alloys, copper, fertilizers. Doctors and hospitals will be frantic without certain very essential drugs.

So much for imports. Let us now turn to what is banking up against the wall and cannot get out. It is

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immediately obvious that hundreds of thousands of cotton farmers have nothing more to do. A large fraction of the cotton crop might as well be burned, for we cannot use it here, even with every American in cambrics and lisle. Similarly, thousands of wheat farmers, tobacco farmers, corn farmers are definitely out of the running. Oil wells must be sealed, refineries closed, and oil workers dismissed in great numbers. Huge machine shops can take no more foreign orders, the backbone of their trade is broken.

Every holder of a foreign security—bond, share of stock, note, bill of exchange—can now throw the certificate into the hearth with an easy conscience. Instead of worrying about its value, as heretofore, he may now rest easy in the indubitable conviction that it is quite worthless. No penny of principal or interest will he ever see. Perhaps ten billions of assets, a good part now in the hands of financial institutions, will evaporate. The war debts will evaporate at the same time, which is perhaps just as well. No traveller can leave the country unless he first loads himself down with gold—the only medium with which he can pay his expenses abroad. This may prove a trifle awkward in that (*a*) the United States Government now forbids the private export of gold, and (*b*) the airplane rates for extra weight will make the cost of the journey almost prohibitive.

Without in any way exhausting the subject—consider the trials of Canadian booze runners, for instance—the above dislocations serve to show what autarchy means in its pristine form. A closer examination would disclose more of the same and worse. Looking over the wall to the rest of the world, we should see an equal amount of loss and confusion, but in that it would be absorbed by a far larger area, the dislocation in any one country might not be so great. Both the East and West Indies, however, would be utterly demoralized; while many English cotton mills must shut down for years, if not forever.

Autarchy, economic nationalism, is then unthinkable? Not at all. It is distinctly thinkable, and it is probably coming; though not, we may be sure, as suddenly and rigidly as when we clamped down this wall of chromium steel. The United States, furthermore, with the possible exception of Russia, is the nation which would suffer *least* from autarchy, because it is more nearly self-supporting, as to food stuffs, natural resources, and industrial plant, than any other political unit. Suppose, instead of a sudden conversion, we moved slowly to that end. What could be done about the shortages listed above?

In the first place, we can feed ourselves. Beet sugar will have to be developed to replace cane sugar, and that plugs the most important omission. Secondly, the Russians are developing artificial rubber on a large scale. If we had to, we could do the same—though it would take time, involving serious dislocation for a number of years. Similarly, aluminum cans might take the place of tin—if Mr. Mellon can be pried off the aluminum supply; similarly, wood pulp could be deliberately cultivated and harvested scientifically; similarly, various technical substitutes for silk, fertilizers and the other vital imports probably could—at a cost—be worked out. (We have rayon already.) While for those citizens who lose their jobs, like the cotton farmers, other jobs must be found—*can* be found, under certain circumstances.

Here we approach the crux of autarchy. Economic nationalism is indeed unthinkable *unless it be controlled*. It must be planned, and planned by the Federal government, even if the degree of self-sufficiency planned for is distinctly short of that indicated above—as will undoubtedly be the case. To introduce it in a society of laissez-faire is economic suicide. It can only be undertaken when governments take power and speculative profit away from business men and bankers. Vast and delicate problems of adjustment are entailed, which cannot be left to the clumsy hands of high finance. New industries must be set up; old industries liquidated; industrial research for substitute commodities encouraged on a large scale; millions of potential unemployed steered to new jobs; colossal capital shrinkages adjusted in some fashion; such foreign trade as remains, rigidly budgeted by central authority. National planning and economic nationalism must go together or not at all. President Roosevelt has accepted the general philosophy of planning. Under his guidance we may move toward an inevitable autarchy with less trepidation than if we were pushed into it while a Hoover or a Mills still gazed dreamily at the logical harmonies of the nineteenth-century free market. A degree of autarchy is almost certain to come; and it can come only in an economic system dominated by collective planning rather than laissez-faire.

II

Why, you ask, this compulsion? Autarchy seems a clumsy and costly economic policy at best. As Mr. Christian Gauss has eloquently pointed out, it runs counter to the finest spirit of human progress. Has Mr. Roosevelt deliberately elected it; is *he* doing the pushing? Or who is doing the pushing, and why do we have to be pushed? To answer this question, I must go back in history for at least a hundred years. Mr. Roosevelt is not as old as that. He is not doing the pushing. He is a pawn in the hands of history. Let us be grateful that he has the intelligence to see, and to prepare for, the way in which he is being pushed.

With the culmination of the French Revolution, the middle class won its last great battle with feudalism, and a new way of economic organization called capital-

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ism dominated the world. It was the way of the trader, the merchant, the entrepreneur, the man with goods to sell and capital to invest. The rights, the duties, the traditions, the responsibilities of noble, peasant, churchman, guildman were dissolved into a vast free market, and all economic relationships began to turn on a pecuniary wheel—a wheel which steadily gathered momentum through the nineteenth century. The free market, as Mr. John Strachey has so brilliantly shown, is what the middle class fought for, and to achieve it broke the power of Church, king, great landlord, guildman, the whole hierarchy of feudalism. Restrictions were lifted from the free and profitable exchange of goods. Labor became a commodity to be bought and sold in the open market. With the progress of invention and technology, the factory system spread; steamship and railroad carried profitable trading to the ends of the earth. Not only were commodities bought and sold on laissez-faire principles from Boston to Hong Kong, but capital was exported from creditor nations, like England and France, to build railroads, sink mines, establish plantations, and presently rear factories, in the so-called backward countries.

As European states—and in due time the United States—industrialized themselves, one and all they found an embarrassing surplus on their hands, a plethora of textiles, machines, manufactured articles which could not be sold at home. Between the inordinate productivity of the new technology and the limited purchasing power of the home market, new outlets had to be found if profits were to be maintained. It is true that a great fraction of the home population was housed in reeking slums, and could have used to signal advantage most, if not all, of the inordinate production. Such a balancing of economic forces was, however, outside the purview of the system. It ran to another rhythm. Wages were kept at a minimum, in order that profits might be kept at a maximum. (It took Henry Ford, in the second decade of the twentieth century, to discover the connection between low wages and low purchasing power.) The system being what it was, the surplus must be sold abroad. Frequently, it was "dumped" abroad, to prevent domestic prices from falling.

For a time England had a virtual monopoly on the disposal of her surplus, but one by one competitors appeared—France, Belgium, the United States, Germany, Japan. Competition for foreign markets led to the forming of colonial empires, where competitors would not have such ready and profitable outlets as mother-country business men. "Trade follows the flag," imperialism, "the white man's burden," became fixed policies of governments with exportable surpluses.[1] Clashes among the competitors were inevitable, and frequently sanguinary. Finally the efficient imperialism of Germany threatened too many British markets, and the Great War followed, as a kind of by-product of the struggle for world trade. "War," remarks Raymond L. Buell, "is an economic dispute which has gone too far." And the irony of it seems to be that the by-product has destroyed the main product, the world free market, perhaps forever.

By 1914, this rough-and-ready traders' internationalism covered the planet. With a universal gold standard, goods could be exchanged, capital exported and imported, contractual obligations entered into anywhere and everywhere. Superficially it seemed that the world was drawing closer together, that a real internationalism was being developed. The War demonstrated the folly of trying to build the brotherhood of man on profitable peddling. The free market collapsed as every warring nation turned to arbitrary state control of its man power and material resources. For a time the Supreme Economic Council of the Allies was administering the raw materials of half the world. The treaty of Versailles then released a swarm of new competitive states, each with a surplus to dispose of, and further demoralized the old markets.[2] Meanwhile, due to the diligent merchandising of machine manufacturers, many of the "backward" nations were equipped with factories, steel mills, refineries, of their own. In Japan, China, India, Brazil, South Africa, Australasia, chimneys began to smoke, furnaces to roar, incipient home surpluses to appear.[3]

Thus between the trade dislocations of the War (and the debts of the War), the new industrial nations hatched by the War, and the equipping of backward areas, the good old international free market was at once battered beyond recognition and beset with new competitors.

The decade from 1919 to 1929 was, in essence, an attempt on the part of all earnest believers in normalcy, both here and abroad, to return to the free market, and its profits, from which they had been so rudely wrenched in 1914. The United States, by loaning some ten billions abroad, kept the tottering edifice together for a while. When, in 1928, we wearied of loaning our neighbors the interest with which to validate our earlier

[1] From 1884 to 1900, the British Empire added 3.7 million square miles and 57 million population; the French Empire 3.5 million square miles and 36 million population; the German Empire 1 million square miles and 17 million population.

[2] "The great criticism of the Peace of Versailles . . . is that it completed the nationalist movement in Europe and established a number of new nations, like Czechoslovakia and Poland, each as intent as Germany and Italy had been in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and even more so, on organizing themselves for industrial competition in the markets of the world."
—*Lord Eustace Percy.*

[3] From 1914 to 1928 Japan increased cotton manufacturing 530 per cent, wool 730 per cent, paper 500 per cent, steel 570 per cent. In 3 years ending in 1927, Brazil increased her spindles 20 per cent. India now has 8.2 million spindles; China 3.6 million. From 1911 to 1928 New Zealand increased the manufacture of clothing 340 per cent, agricultural machinery 175 per cent, furniture 180 per cent. Between 1910 and 1928 employment in manufacturing establishments in South Africa doubled.

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loans, the international free market fell headlong into the abyss.[4] Into this abyss we are privileged to peer and view its shattered remains today. On the brink stand Sir Arthur Salter and his friends, stout, liberal, free-marketers all, wringing their hands for a golden age—well, golden for some—which has gone. International conference after conference meets, hoping against hope to get Humpty Dumpty together again. But Humpty Dumpty is smashed. He was an egg, you know. . . . Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Herriot, Mr. Salter; he was an egg, and he is smashed.

Even if you agreed, gentlemen, to reverse your steadfast policy of recent years, obliterate every tariff wall and export bounty, peg your currencies to a single gold standard as in 1914—you could not get Humpty Dumpty together again. While your industrial capacity grows, spurred by invention and mass production, foreign markets shrink, due to the aforesaid new competition and the equipping of areas no longer "backward." Your surpluses are great beyond absorption, save at ruinously low prices. The free market worked for a hundred years, so long as a few industrialized nations had a lush, virgin world to exploit. Now the virgin forest is cut-over land, and the few industrialized nations have grown to many. The only way that your surpluses can do you any good, is to distribute them at home. And that means economic nationalism.

Finally, as Mr. Strachey points out, to make the world market really function again, you must scrap, not only your tariffs and export subsidies, but also your restrictions on free competition in the *home* territory—your cartels, monopolies, social legislation, trade unions—all the brakes and barriers which have been growing for decades upon unrestricted laissez-faire within the state. You must, in brief, reverse the historical trend of fifty years.

III

When Mr. Roosevelt told the London Conference in July that the United States would not tie the dollar to an international gold standard—at least not yet—he chose, to my mind, the inevitable course. Every nation must make the choice: whether to manage its own price level in an attempt to solve the problem of the surplus in the home market, and let foreign exchange go hang; or cleave to foreign exchange and a hoped-for world-trade revival, and let its internal price level go hang. It cannot do both. This is one principle at least upon which all competent economists are agreed. The Central Bank of a given nation cannot allow gold to flow in and out on the old free-market principle, and at the same time follow a fixed policy of raising prices and managing the domestic credit structure. You cannot have your cake and eat it. There is only one domestic-interest rate, and if the Central Bank is to jiggle it on behalf of the international market, it cannot be jiggled in an attempt to bring national purchasing power in line with production.

I say Mr. Roosevelt in choosing autarchy was wise. Why? Did he not deal a body blow to the cause of internationalism? He did. But it was a blow to a corpse; to that trader's internationalism of 1914, which all the pulmotors in the world have not revived and cannot permanently revive. Let it die; and let Mr. Kipling write a requiem. In due time we may create a real internationalism on a more solid foundation than competitive peddling for private profit.

Again, as I have shown, the United States can experiment with autarchy more safely than any other Western State. Complete isolation of the chromium-wall variety would be preposterous of course; but a high degree of concentration on the home market, and the maximum of self-sufficiency consistent with common sense, will provide the best laboratory for Mr. Roosevelt's experiments in national planning. The Farm Bill, the Recovery Act, the price level, the attempts to increase popular purchasing power and moderate the debt structure which must be made, are unworkable in a free market, or at the mercy of a pegged foreign exchange.

IV

"The decadent international but individualistic capitalism in the hands of which we found ourselves after the War, is not a success. It is not intelligent, it is not beautiful, it is not just, it is not virtuous—and it doesn't deliver the goods." With this ringing strophe Mr. John Maynard Keynes renounces his sometime veneration for the free market, and turns to the realistic historical compulsion of economic nationalism. We are, he says, in for a period of experimentation with autarchy and planned national economy. There is no other way to turn. The shutters of the old free market have been rolled down and bolted. Let us not be silly about it, he advises, or hasty or intolerant. But he confesses considerable perplexity when he tries to visualize the precise form of the new dispensation. As who does not? (Even Dean Donham of the Harvard Business School, one of the first to espouse economic nationalism, has a reservation or two.) By definition, experiment is a process whose end is undefined; the experiment is made in order to determine the end.

History is forcing us to experiment. This is some satisfaction, in that the choice is made all but mandatory. Had Mr. Roosevelt chosen to play with the gold bloc rather than with autarchy, it is more than likely that he

[4] Sir Arthur Salter demonstrated that world capitalism must break down unless a perpetual flow of foreign lending was maintained. In 1927 he estimated the "gap" so to be plugged at $2,000,000,000—the difference between what debtor nations owed and what they could pay. When in 1928, lending dried up world capitalism fell prostrate into the "gap."

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would have been driven back to the latter, by a resumption of deflation and its attendant miseries at home. Again, the United States, as we have seen, can afford to experiment. Although it lacks a few vital imports, such as tin and rubber, and has demanded a market for a few vital exports, such as cotton, its domestic market is better than 90 per cent of its total market, and most essential raw materials are to be found within its borders.[5] So far so good. Two tremendous questions remain. What is the rest of the world going to do? What form is the experiment going to take in the United States?

To the hard-boiled nationalist—shall we say Mr. Hearst?—the former question is irrelevant. Let the world look after itself, we have 15 million unemployed to look after, a shaky credit structure, thousands of closed banks, and troubles galore. To take on the world's burdens in addition is quixotic. There is something to be said for this point of view. If there is a choice, America should come first. However, I believe that it is possible to concentrate on the domestic situation without necessarily affronting the rest of the world. War debts, for instance, may be forgiven gracefully rather than waiting ungracefully for their inevitable cancellation. Foreign loans may be scaled down and adjusted with some generous consideration of economic realities. Instead of attempting a rigorous program of self-sufficiency, it will be more friendly and more sensible to arrange what are, in effect, a series of gigantic barter transactions whereby we swap our cotton for West Indian rubber (a triangular swap, of course); our oil for wood pulp, and so on. These will not be transactions based on profitable trade for private speculators, but a mutually beneficial exchange between sovereign peoples; a functional rather than an acquisitive internationalism. As the world goes nationalist, each state planning its exports and imports as does Russia today, the exchange may well grow to proportions, as Mr. Walter Lippman points out, in which the bulk total transcends the international shipment of goods in 1914. Meanwhile, ideas, knowledge, science, hospitality, travel are of the essence of a true internationalism, and should be encouraged in every possible way.

As the world goes nationalist . . . is this really the case? Study the map. Stick a little flag on that nation which is placing no restrictions on trade. Observe the behavior of Russia, Italy, Germany, the British Empire, and even little Ireland. Observe, if you can keep from becoming cross-eyed, the matted web of tariffs, import quotas, licenses, export bounties, subsidized railroad rates *to* the frontier and penal railroad rates *from* the frontier, subsidies to export industries, subsidized advertising of home markets, "Buy British," the systematic placing of government contracts "at home," restrictions on capital movements, Central Bank policies —all designed to minimize imports and maximize exports. Is the world going nationalist? Is the sea salt?

It is true that this universal policy of favoring exports and restricting imports—known as promoting a "favorable balance of trade"—is only nationalism in part. No imports wanted—save essential raw materials —but unlimited exports wanted, usually in the form of manufactured goods. Complete autarchy shuts off both imports and exports. The point is, however, that this 50-per-cent nationalism leads inevitably to something approaching the 100-per-cent article. The world market, under "favorable balance of trade" pressure, is all sellers and no buyers—to put it in its crudest form. What kind of a market is that? Ask any broker. Or look at the course of world prices since the United States stopped plugging the "gap" with foreign loans in 1928. Obviously if exports cannot be marketed, the several nations must turn toward full-fledged autarchy. And they are turning.

It is interesting to observe how world capitalism defeats itself on the "favorable balance of trade" formula. Refusing imports, profits on international trade in the past have often taken the form of capital investments abroad. But these investments served to equip backward areas with local factories. Boomerang!

A vital consideration is, of course, the boundary of the economic unit. At first blush only four really stable units appear—the United States, Russia, China, the British Empire. No industrial country in Europe has the natural resources to brave a lone hand. Here is Italy without coal or iron, Germany who cannot feed herself, France lacking oil and minerals. . . . The whole continent of Europe, outside of Russia, is close to a self-sustaining unit, but no industrial country therein. Perhaps M. Briand's dream of a United States of Europe is not so fantastic after all. Protesting loudly, the European states may be forced into a co-operating economic unit. This would be a triumph for autarchy indeed—and perhaps not an impossible one.

V

Finally as to the form of autarchy in the United States. It must, as we have seen, be planned, and Mr. Roosevelt has started the process. It must, if it is to succeed, solve the problem of the surplus, releasing enough purchasing power on the home front to absorb the products of industry without reliance upon, or hope for, foreign markets. (Except, of course, the exchange quotas referred to above.) To distribute the surplus—the "inordinately productive" surplus, which modern technology makes possible—is a revolutionary process, unknown to capitalism, abhorrent to capital-

[5] According to Dean Donham, our per capita exports in 1931 were only 4 per cent of our per capita income, and 6 per cent of our per capita production.

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ists. It demands a managed credit system, probably involving in due time the nationalization of banks and a wholesale scaling down of debts. It demands high wages, short hours, huge public-works programs, drastic inheritance and income taxes, possibly straight consumers' dividends, in order to redistribute and, even more important, positively to enlarge, the national income, so that mass consumption may balance productive capacity.

Mr. Roosevelt has seen the handwriting on the wall. He has, for the moment at least, chosen autarchy and planned economy. He is already experimenting with a managed price level, minimum wages, shorter hours, public works. This is an essential beginning. But he has not yet solved the problem of the surplus. The new blanket code for all industry, promulgated as I write, may or may not provide the consumer with the wherewithal to buy the goods which business is now so energetically piling up on its shelves. I suspect that more drastic measures will be needed to meet the challenge of the surplus, and rescue the people of America from economic insecurity, unemployment, and recurring crises of despair.

Do I favor autarchy as an ideal? I do not. I favor a World State. But I must accept autarchy as the next stage in economic history, and console myself by looking beyond it to a sounder internationalism, whose corner-stone is human need, not trader's profit.

ADDRESS TO THE FARMERS

By Chard Powers Smith

THEY say the thing is done. They say in the towns
And the mills that the rich rule. And they say the poor
Starve and dream and awake and will have blood.
And I ask you men, is it true?—You some millions
Of men born to the reek of the wet earth
And the rip of the autumn wind, you who have seen
The earth first and man small on the earth,
A speck on the fixed hills, you who were born
At life's source and the storms before and after:
I ask you men, is it true, if men die
In the towns and they take your land, and the strangers come
With their book plans premised in no land,
Is it true you will fall like an old tree in the storm?
Is it true that men born to a known truce
With the wrought earth will no longer rule their ground
And decree their earth change?
Who then
Is to name time? The men from the strange lands
With the big books and the foreign words that are not
The names of the hills here? Will the soil yield
Her furrow hence to the thrust of a planned plough?
Or is life's truce with the touch of a known hand
And the earth's voice the words of men who call
From the land, "This is the way of men here,
And the war will be our war." Are there not still
Men on the copper soil in the Georgia sun
And the cotton glint and the high buzzards drifting?
Are there no more under Virginia hills
The orchards of May snow? And beyond the hills
None whose minds swing to the sea of grain
And the herds rippling the plains? None who have heard
The fall crispen the Maine woods and the spun
Snow sing and the meadowlark return?
Is there no longer a man's love rooted
In ground to grow tall and drop seed
On the same soil? Is man a wandering star
And the people the tired sea, the floating minds
Here for the first time and their shining thoughts
Spumed in a strange sun? Or is man still
Placed on the earth and his nerves tuned to the change
Of the year and his life's food? Will you rise, you
Whose blood flows in the rules, you with a will
To rule ground pregnant by you? Will you march
With steel as you marched before to tell the men
Of the towns the words of the first charter written
In walls and roads on the rocks? Will you speak now
With your earth love? Or is it true you will die
And the secret die? And the strangers rule with the plans
From the great books—and the men of the towns die—
And the whole way of this land to be learned again?

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Thomas Alva Edison: An American Symbol

THE INVENTOR IN MODERN SOCIETY

By C. Hartley Grattan

The fourth of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *biographies of men who have influenced America.*

The Faustian inventor and discoverer is a unique type. The primitive force of his will, the brilliance of his visions, the steely energy of his practical ponderings, must appear queer and incomprehensible to any one at the standpoint of another Culture, but for us they are in the blood. Our whole Culture has a discoverer's soul.—Oswald Spengler, in *Decline of the West.*

A MAN, physically exhausted by politeness, wracked his brain and invented a device for tipping his derby hat without the use of his hands. Nothing came of it, except that years later it reappeared in a book designed for the amusement of the populace, a sort of believe-it-or-not of the patent office. The inventor was not Thomas Alva Edison, for after inventing one impractical device, the first on which he took a patent, he resolutely kept to the path which led undeviatingly to commercial utility. Edison once defined a successful invention as "Something that is so practical that a Polish Jew will buy it." It was his good fortune to produce contrivances of this sort time and again, and by thus laying the foundations of businesses requiring large amounts of capital on which quick and exceptional returns could be expected, he attracted to his products the attention of the American capitalists, who are always ready to venture money in an expanding market.

Yet Edison was not a wizard. If he had what seems suspiciously like a magic touch, it was because he was markedly in harmony with his environment. His deviations from the average pattern of mankind were merely those brought about by a specialization of talent and he achieves significance not so much because he was a man of unique personality as because of the field in which his talent functioned. The popular social consequences of his work are rather familiar to us all, but the full significance of what he did is imperfectly realized as yet. It is not generally recognized that his work also had a social origin. A clear realization of this fact will forever dissipate any lingering inclination to ascribe magical powers to him. If he had not been directed into invention by the accidents of his career at a particular time in the history of pure and applied science, he would hardly have been able to produce the electric light, the phonograph, and all the other strikingly important devices for which he is famous. And yet, however much the social origins of his inventions and the social consequences which flowed from them may be emphasized, the fact remains that Edison was an individual of distinctive powers. It was his good fortune to possess what Waldemar Kaempffert has accurately called a "race-short-circuiting" mind within the field of his endeavors. Without his personal intervention at precisely the strategic moment in the history of theoretical and applied electricity, particularly the latter, the appearance of the inventions with which his name is associated might have been delayed for several years. It is not likely, however, that they would have been delayed for long. The configuration which the cultural inheritance had taken made it fairly inevitable that a series of practical applications of electrical energy would be made during the years covered by Edison's active life. It was his good fortune to have a marked insight into the possibilities open to him.

He lived his life in a society which made it very lucky indeed that second only to his inventive capacity was his sense of commercial utility, his ability to envisage

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the money-making potentialities of his inventions. He early learned to control his activities by the needs of a profit economy. From time immemorial inventors have been thought of as impractical people and while there were plenty of gaps and deficiencies in Edison the entrepeneur, he nevertheless came as near to establishing a perfect correlation between inventive ability and business ability as any man in history. It is significant that while it is rather difficult to account for his early tendency to experiment on any other than the popular psychological grounds of native disposition, it is perfectly clear that in developing his money-making proclivities he was taking the color of his environment. The latter, in his life, came to condition and direct the former and so built up the correlation which marks off Edison from the group of impractical inventors who fascinate the public imagination. Even in his abstract thinking about economics, Edison was completely a man of his times and at one with the exploitive capitalist. He believed implicitly in the dogma of supply and demand, even though his own activity, invention, was essentially an adventure in monopoly through the control of patents. He resented such governmental interference in business as the regulation of the railroads and had a suspicion of politics characteristic of the business man. He said he couldn't remember that the American people ever had much confidence in political leaders, which shows how completely he was immersed in the business viewpoint. In answering a questionnaire he carefully avoided commenting on a presentation of the case for organized labor and the effort to raise the standard of living of the American working man by co-operative action and took refuge in the law of supply and demand to explain both low wages and high. Yet he was sure that the inventor did not get a square deal from the capitalists and thought that it would work to the benefit of all if the courts would protect him against the business man. He had occupational self-consciousness accompanied by general social blindness!

Quite honestly he played in with capitalism, and luckily when it was in one of its most expansive periods. On the basis of his work alone American capitalism was able to go through a new period of expansion comparable only to that which followed on the application of steam to transportation. It is useful to keep in mind that invention is not an attribute of capitalism nor is capitalism a consequence of invention. The social form which results from invention is industrialism and that, too, has no necessary identification with capitalism.

Searching beneath both industrialism and capitalism to discover the key to social change we come upon invention, and such men as Edison are more truly the architects of our destiny than we commonly believe. It is to the work of Edison that we must turn adequately to explain the appearance on the economic stage of men like Owen D. Young, Samuel Insull, and Walter S. Gifford, as well as the politicians who further or oppose the consequences of their labors. By hitching his wagon to the star of capitalism and accepting without question the direction which his environment gave him, Edison assisted in developing the profit-making potentialities of the capitalistic system. But he also effected a social revolution, engineering changes of such a magnitude that to give them full expression it may be necessary utterly to transform capitalism if not relegate it to the discard as an outworn economic form.

Americans have always been thoroughly impregnated with the inventive attitude of mind, and probably no people on the face of the earth has shown itself more ready to incorporate into its culture new mechanical contrivances. Indict the American people as one may for resisting the progress of ideas or ignoring and contemning culture, it is impossible to find fault with them when it comes to adopting new mechanisms. Indeed it is in America that the discrepancy between the state of our mechanical development and the state of the culture of those who use the mechanisms is most marked. There is no great artist, literary man, or thinker, who half so well symbolizes the American spirit as an inventor; and no inventor, among the hundreds who have made their contributions, so completely wins the suffrage of the American people as Thomas Alva Edison.

When Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847, one phase of the industrial revolution, a product of the inventive spirit, had already passed its zenith and a new phase was beginning to make itself felt. The application of steam to mechanical contrivances had resulted in the steam engine, the steamboat, and the railways. Though steam as a principal basis for power still plays a strategic part in the industrial world, electricity is now rapidly displacing it. Just before Edison was born the pioneering period of electrical invention began. After a long and tedious period of experimentation during which many inventors made their separate contributions, Samuel F. B. Morse perfected the telegraph in 1844. It is of the first interest to observe that steam played but little direct and determining part in Edison's mental life; his curiosity was early directed into the fields of chemistry and electricity. One might almost say that steam really determined the course of his life on but one occasion: when his father was forced to move from Milan into Michigan because the town was ruined when the railways passed it by.

The Edisons had had a chequered career in America before the most famous of them was born in Milan. Originally arriving in America in 1730 and settling in New Jersey, the family split over the Revolution and

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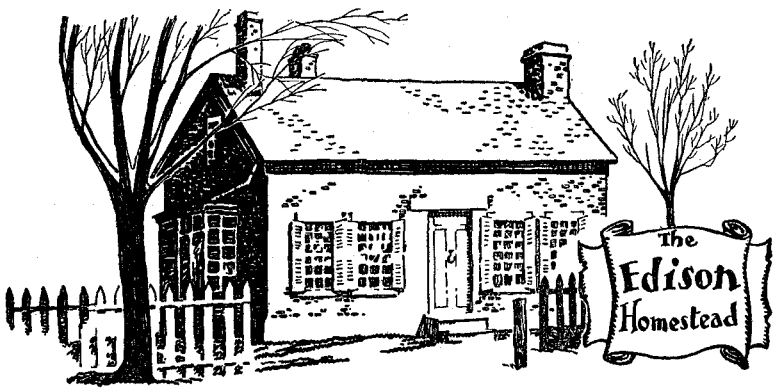
Thomas Alva's grandfather fled to Nova Scotia, refuge of so many Tories. Not finding that province to his taste, he emigrated overland in true pioneer style to Ontario. Edison's father was born in Nova Scotia and came to maturity in Ontario where he became a hotel keeper. He had, however, the misfortune to support



William Lyon Mackenzie in his abortive armed rebellion of 1837 against the incompetent rulers of the province, and consequently had to flee the country. He established himself in Milan, his wife joined him, and he seemed to have the prospect of a happy life as a manufacturer of shingles before him when fate, this time in the form of railways, intervened. There is poetic justice in the fact that Edison's father should at least once have been disturbed by technological change!

Samuel Edison's son Thomas Alva was cast in a different mould from his father, or at least his boldness was non-political in character. Like so many Americans of the last century he was a self-made man. His formal education was the slightest, chiefly because his schoolteacher mother was sceptical of the worth of school instruction and partly because he developed later than his fellows and hence enjoyed the reputation of being stupid when a very young child. His curiosity, when it was aroused, made up for his deficiencies. As a boy of ten he established a haphazard chemical laboratory in the cellar of his home and carried out the primitive experiments described in popular scientific handbooks which fell into his hands and in *The Scientific American,* which had been established in 1845. His environment, however, did not allow him immediately to find a career in an experimental laboratory. He became a news-butcher on a local train and engaged in other ventures of a related kind. In seeking an adult career, however, Edison did not take the tack of going into business. He rather was fortunate enough, through his association with the railroad, to be led pretty inevitably into the field where he was to make his great contributions. He became a working telegraph operator and so confirmed an early interest in electricity. It was in this field that the next great wave of inventions was inevitably to come. While following his trade Edison began to show very definitely his special aptitude and interest by seeking to understand how the instruments "worked" and by making and using several incidental labor-saving devices for his own amusement. None of them can be called of permanent significance, and some of them smack very definitely of the Rube Goldberg type of contrivance.

But when stationed at Boston and in continuance of his very marked habit of extensive reading, he bought and literally devoured the works of Michael Faraday (1791–1867), thus establishing an intellectual connection with the man whose labors, more than those of any other single individual, made possible the development of electro-technics. Faraday's work was done in the field of electro-magnetism and was confined resolutely to the theoretical aspects of the problems involved. Personally he had nothing to do with electro-technics, Edison's special province. But it is significant that Faraday's discoveries are considered by experts to be the basis of up-to-date electrical engineering and all the applications of electrical energy. Edison came on Faraday's works about a year after the latter's death, though their lives had overlapped for twenty years, thus emphasizing the surprising rapidity with which the electrical age was to develop. The old age of the founder of the science of electro-magnetism fell in the same years as the youth of the most remarkable of the practitioners of electro-technics. It is also curious and perhaps significant that Faraday established his results as a consequence of direct experimentation without the aid of mathematics. The implications of his work were followed out and translated into mathematics twenty years after his death by Clerk Maxwell, thus bringing it once more into the main stream of pure science. Edison, it happens, was also lacking in mathematical training and established *his* results by direct experimentation, relying upon hired help for mathematical calculations when they were indispensable. Yet it was impossible for Edison to declare himself independent of so-called pure science as Faraday had disassociated himself from applied science. Edison's work was predicated, consciously or unconsciously, upon the state of pure science; and by his work he posed problems for the pure scientist to solve. There is thus established a reciprocal relation between the two divisions of scientific work, divisions which it is folly to think of as sharp and mutually hostile. To debate which is the more important, once the process has been set going, is as relevant to actuality as to debate which comes first, the hen or the egg.

It is apparent that Edison was being drawn by imperceptible gradations into his life work and in 1868

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at the age of twenty-one he patented his first invention. His character was already shaped and while it naturally slightly changed over the years, the basic pattern was not essentially modified. Already he was an assiduous worker, constant application being his method rather than periods of furious labor offset by periods of lethargy. His most fabulous peculiarity and the one which is familiar to every one was his capacity for going without sleep. The origin of this is shrouded in mystery and he was entirely unable to lay down any laws for acquiring the ability, though he once humorously said to an employee who applied for his formula that it was because he ate a welsh rarebit every morning for breakfast! His humor was abiding and he had the distinctively American characteristic of delighting in "stories." He always had a stock on hand and was eager to add to it. It is very like him that in his account of Jay Gould (of which more later) he began by noting that Gould was utterly without a sense of humor. His ideas of a humorous remark were in line with the American love of incongruity, understatement, and overstatement. He once described a man whom he had discharged by saying: "Oh, he was so slow that it would take him half an hour to get out of the field of a microscope." Again, he spoke of an old-time friend who had taken his meals at "the same emaciator." But he was not exactly an easy-going individual. His associates came to know of his ability to swear if things displeased him and he could hate with the best of them.

As might be suspected from the nature of his training, he was not greatly impressed by the cultural side of life, though he strove over the years to bring the phonograph from the stage in which it could repeat: "Mary had a little lamb" to the stage in which it could reproduce the works of Beethoven. On his first trip to Europe his reactions to the great paintings in the museums were exactly on a par with Mark Twain's in *Innocents Abroad*. He thought they were admired because of their rarity value rather than because of their artistic merit. In general his taste in literature was primitive; during his first years as a telegrapher he was known as "Victor Hugo" Edison because of his passion for that author; and in his old age he could solemly express a liking for "'Evangeline,' 'Enoch Arden' and things like that"; but surprisingly enough he had a whole-hearted liking for Shakespeare: "But, ah, Shakespeare! That's where you get ideas! He would have been an inventor, a wonderful inventor, if he had turned his mind to it. He seemed to see the inside of everything . . ." The wonder is that Jules Verne, whom Edison also admired, did not win this particular tribute. The persistence with which he worked naturally gave him little time for amusements and less interest in them. In his younger days as a laboratory worker he liked deep-sea fishing; he had a fisherman's patience. As he grew older he took to billiards, Mark Twain's passion, and all his life the game he liked best was parchesi. In old age he regularly took motor trips, usually once a year with his friends Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and John Burroughs.

From being rather markedly thin for his five feet and nine and one-half inches, Edison developed a full figure in middle life which he afterwards retained. Probably his face is as familiar as that of any American of his generation. He grew up with the art of photography and had his picture taken frequently, and most Americans can identify the fine, rather large head, the broad but well-shaped mouth, substantial nose, capacious forehead, deep and seemingly piercing eyes, and full shock of hair, without the identifying caption. It is a meaningful face, though now inextricably bound up with the accomplishments of the man. Most distinctive were the eyes which were, in addition to being a marked feature, anatomically remarkable and the subject of wonder to specialists. His deafness, brought on by a severe boxing of his ears given by an angry conductor when he was a newsboy, affected him little, for he was still able to invent many contrivances based on sound. The vigorous frame, broad in the shoulders and deep of chest, was a fine foundation for the labors Edison was to perform, and it is entirely just that he should have struck few observers as a dreamer. He was, it will soon be plain, an exceedingly practical individual. In personal habits he was abstemious, his one indulgence being tobacco. As a youth he chewed and most of his life he consumed quantities of strong cigars every day. Like many others of his generation he was strongly opposed to cigarettes.

Carroll Wright, then a patent attorney but later Commissioner of Labor and first president of Clark College, who acted for Edison in obtaining the patent for his first invention, found him "uncouth in manner, a chewer rather than a smoker of tobacco, but full of intelligence and ideas." At that moment he was on the threshold of his career and on the verge of pouring out a stream of inventions unequalled by any other man of his time.

He began at a propitious moment. For about three-quarters of a century the technological resources of the world had been rapidly accumulating and as a natural consequence the number of inventions patented had been increasing from year to year. Professor William F. Ogburn's figures for the total number of patents granted in the United States each year show the drift very clearly.

1870....	58,883	1900....	112,325
1880....	64,496	1910....	171,560
1890....	110,493	1920....	197,644

This is certainly sufficiently impressive but if we contrast the 1920 figure with that of the year 1845, two

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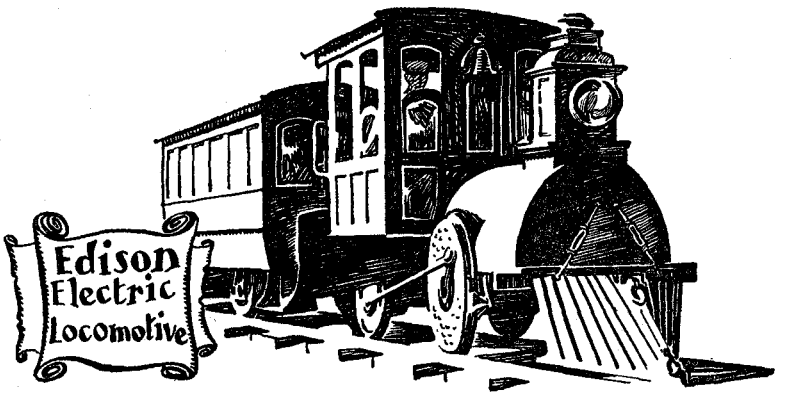
years before Edison was born, an even more astonishing result is obtained; the figure for 1845 is 2425. As might be suspected, there was a similarly rapid accumulation in the field of pure science. In physics, as reported in France, England, and Germany only, discoveries increased from 211 in 1865 to 917 in 1900.

The period of truly original inventions, however, had definitely passed. The strikingly brilliant geniuses were those anonymous individuals who presumably invented the wheel, the sail, and the bow and arrow. Man emerged into the period of written history with these and for centuries, while making marked progress in other fields, advanced but little beyond them. The inventor had, by Edison's time, become the creature of the cultural accumulation, and the nature of his work was pretty much culturally determined. However often Edison has been called a wizard, the fact remains that under the cold scrutiny of history his right to the title evaporates. What distinguished him from the ruck of individuals to whom the cultural heritage was equally available was his conscious and deliberate utilization of the work of his predecessors and his possession of a "race-short-circuiting" mind. Most of his inventions were composites; in truth he was a contriver, for he pieced together elements of the cultural heritage into new contrivances. That is the function of the inventor. The result of his activities is an invention, but he doesn't pull it out of a hat like a magician producing a rabbit.

If it be true that inventions and discoveries are socially determined and that what distinguish the individual inventor are simply the accidents surrounding his personal career or the capriciousness of history in selecting him as the one on whom credit settles when two men invent or discover the same thing at very nearly the same time, then any man's importance certainly shrinks into something approaching zero and he has at best only a symbolic value. Professor Ogburn in his book *Social Change* lists 148 independently made inventions and discoveries from 1747 to 1885, when the process of accumulation of technological knowledge was just getting under way and before the rise of the organized laboratory deliberately devoted to discovery and invention. Such matters as the discovery of the planet Neptune, the introduction of the decimal point (by four individuals!), photography, the telegraph, the phonograph (Edison and two others), the typewriter, and the use of gasoline engines in automobiles are examples. And yet it is still true that the personal equation cannot be eliminated. If it be axiomatic that a given invention would have emerged in any case out of a given configuration of the cultural inheritance, the fact remains that the percentage of abortive answers to recognized problems is astoundingly high. During the World War 110,000 inventions were submitted to the Naval Consulting Board of which Edison was the chief. Of these, 109,890 were rejected as worthless on



first trial and but one of those remaining was finally adopted for use. This would seem conclusively to prove that inevitability waits upon a "race-short-circuiting" mind which will precipitate the usable result from the accumulated social heritage. Edison thus becomes a result of the cultural heritage to which he was born and a cause of the form which, under the direction of his genius, it took.

It should be apparent, moreover, that necessity is not the mother of invention, for if that were the case there would not be an increasing multiplicity of inventions in countries of advanced technological culture, but in backward and undeveloped countries. Taking here no account of those he lost or kept unpatented as "trade secrets," it was possible for Edison to patent 1,092 inventions in fifty-eight years, because of the multitude of earlier discoveries and inventions, not because man was so poor in contrivances that he was eagerly awaiting necessity to force some genius to supply them. Edison invented, and so did the forty other individuals who between 1872 and 1915 contributed over one hundred patents each, because the accumulated materials were at hand. Without them he would have functioned on a more limited scale or not at all.

The cultural inheritance is as nothing if it does not happen to touch off a mind like Edison's. What, then, is the psychology of the inventor? How did Edison's mind work in the field of invention? It is unnecessary to pretend to finality of explanation in order to cast considerable light upon this vastly interesting topic even though in the end one has given little more than an external, or behavioristic, account of his activities. It is highly likely that in mechanical invention, as in literature, music, and art, the unconscious plays a powerful

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rôle in finally precipitating the results. For instance, it has been said of Edison that his "guesses" were marvellously accurate. What is this but a hint that his unconscious processes were remarkably active and that the uncontrolled coalescence of elements was a large factor in finally leading him to the correct conclusion? Yet it would hardly be accurate to say that he throve on guesses. Just as Edison was socially a part of the cumulative process, so individually he was conscious of the necessity of establishing a relation with the history of his problems. His first step, once a problem had been posed, was an intensive and extensive study of the literature of the subject. Knowledge of this fact alone should guard any one against attributing magical powers to Edison. When he attacked the problem of the electric light, the mere study of the literature carried him back to the work of Faraday's master Sir Humphry Davy and led him through a complicated country, over hill and dale, down to his own moment in history. Once he had established the background he turned to direct experimentation. His "pre-eminent gift" has been defined as "the ability so to adapt and combine ideas or materials already existing as to effect results at once distinctively new and thoroughly practical." Yet it is perfectly accurate to say that while he combined available elements, he was enabled to do so by diligently searching, with the aid of numerous assistants whose brains he bought, for the missing link which had baffled earlier workers and for the first time using it. This necessary link was often arrived at very painfully and with infinite slowness. Edison's patience was as phenomenal as his powers of application. That nothing should escape him he kept elaborate notebooks and persistently visualized his thoughts by sketches—in which he resembled William James who illustrated his Harvard lectures in philosophy with blackboard sketches.

"Edison," remarked an associate, "can think of more ways of doing a thing than any man I ever saw or heard of." This becomes an almost basic platitude when we consider some of his specific performances while working on inventions. "I speak without exaggeration," he once wrote, "when I say that I have constructed three thousand different theories in connection with the electric light, each one of them reasonable and apparently likely to be true. In two cases only did my experiments prove the truth of my theory." Obviously Edison had tested by actual, concrete experiment all three thousand of his theories and rejected two thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight of them. Imagine the labor involved before he could write that brief sentence with assurance! In working on his new type of storage battery he conducted 10,000 experiments before any important results appeared and a total of 50,000 was run up before success was won. The record is similar with his other inventions. And yet he had remarkable powers as a guesser! "Results!" Edison exclaimed to an assistant who was marvelling at the bewildering total of failures, "Why, man, I have gotten a lot of results. I know several thousand things that won't work." Also it should be plainly pointed out that he was working by deduction from previously established facts, not by induction, the basis of the scientific method. "I never once made a discovery," Edison wrote, making the traditional distinction. "All my work was deductive, and the results were those of invention pure and simple." No wonder he thought that "genius is 1 per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration."

Like most men of marked inventive ability, Edison ventured into many fields with success. It is a mistake to think of him as a man with a one-track mind just because he is principally identified with electricity, for he might well have exhausted himself with the electric light and concomitant inventions. His first work, naturally enough, was related to the telegraph with which he was immediately familiar. In 1869 he arrived in New York City very nearly penniless and by a happy accident found work as superintendent of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company which put him at the centre of the gold-speculation mania that followed the Civil War as a result of the currency being taken off the gold standard. The speculative urge did not touch him, however, but the mechanics of the stock telegraph did indeed fascinate his active mind. The very same year in which he first came into contact with the device he patented five improvements on it and some closely related contrivances with which it made him familiar. His career was under way and from this point on the record is almost tedious in its astoundingly regular production of new contrivances and improvements on old ones. So thick and fast do they fall that the public may well be forgiven for having forgotten that Edison was responsible for this and that minor, but usually important, device as well as for major ones like the electric light and the phonograph.

The first period of productiveness extends from 1869 through 1877. Beginning with improvements in the telegraph, he moved to the improvement of call-boxes for messenger boys and, as a sort of consulting inventor, to the building of an improved model of Christopher Sholes's typewriter which later became the Remington. What Edison really contributed were just those touches which made the writing machine commercially practicable. He then turned back to the telegraph, his first love, and invented the automatic and the quadruplex systems, the latter a method of sending four messages over the same wire simultaneously. His interest in this problem originated in his Boston days as a working telegrapher. Next he perfected the telephone and made

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ESCAPE

A STORY

By Nahum Sabsay

LIKE a fragment of smooth azurite filling the bottom of a deep rock cavity, so lay the miniature bay of Balaklava surrounded by steep stony hills with their patches of green and the remnants of ancient fortifications.

The Greeks once possessed the place, then the Genoese, then the Tartars, and now the Russians have it. Races, ages, centuries, generations, have come and gone, each leaving behind something which has persisted.

As I sometimes stood or lay on the top of a hill and gazed at the sunlit masses of rocks; at the drowsing town, a score of centuries old, climbing up the slope on the eastern side of the bay; at the sparkling water; at the sluggish life upon and about it—I had a sensation of looking backwards into an eternity of imperceptibly slow changes. And against my convictions, I saw ahead another eternity with just as slow transformations. Much as I longed for improvement, I could visualize no sudden disintegration of the old and no rapid building up of the new in its place.

This was in 1906, the year when, after a spell of comparative freedom, a new outburst of imprisonment, exiles, executions, and pogroms was sweeping the country from one end to the other. I was sixteen, a sixth-form student in the *gymnasia* in a large city in the south, and like many boys of my age and older, up to the neck in the struggle for liberties.

The leader of our group was Ivan Subbotin, one of those "perennial students" who stay forever in the universities, and do all kinds of things except study. He was a man in the late twenties, short, sturdy, with a freckled, good-natured face, and a chestnut beard and mustache. His uniform was always old, usually lacked a button or two; his boots were patched and seldom shined. It was whispered among us that he belonged to a terrorist squad and that he had helped to "remove" a governor-general who was too ruthless in persecution of the uprisen peasants. So strong was Subbotin's influence on us that we continued to gather in spite of the increased danger. When, however, early in the spring, the secret service came after him and he took to the "underground" existence, we ceased to meet, and I saw him no more till the middle of the next summer.

That summer my grandmother, my brother, and I were spending our vacation again in Balaklava. This was a small fishing town on the south coast of Crimea, some seven miles east of Sebastopol, the fortress and the base of the fleet on the Black Sea. Here I was my own master even more than at home, for my grandmother had long since given up hope of controlling my behavior, although not her habit of scolding me, and my brother was too busy with his own friends and affairs to bother much with me.

There were many things which attracted me to Balaklava: the sea, the mountains, of which we at home had none; the young people who, like us, came here yearly from the near north; but above all, the native fishermen, Greeks and a few Tartars, among whom I had many friends and with whom I frequently went out to the sea for a day or two at a time.

One late morning, as two fishermen, the brothers Kustandi, and I worked at the upper part of the quay fitting out a boat for the afternoon trip, my brother approached me and whispered that Subbotin was waiting for me in our room.

Looking up to question my brother, I noticed a stranger not far off, watching us. Watching and listening strangers were dangerous in those days. So I replied with the first thing which came to mind, "I don't care. I'll go whether grandmother wants it or not."

"As you wish," my brother remarked, shrugging his shoulders. He, too, had noticed the man.

Filled with all kinds of forebodings, and watching the stranger out of the corner of my eye, I kept on working. The moment he was gone, however, I left the boat and went up the narrow, steep street walking with purposeful slowness till I reached the rocky yard of the fisherman's family from whom we rented two small rooms, the whole "neat" part of the house.

A glance around convinced me there was no one in

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sight. Yet, not wishing to take chances, I retained my casual manner, looked over the fishing nets which hang over the stone walls, drying, and as if bored, opened the low door which led to my room. Here, in my bed, I found Subbotin. He lay on his back, his hands crossed under his head.

I closed the door behind me and came up to him, greeting him in a low voice.

Seeing me, he slowly let down his feet, sat up and said apologetically, "I almost fell asleep waiting—was chasing around since last evening—tired as a dog."

His appearance had changed since I had seen him. He had shaved off his beard and dyed his mustache and hair black. He was much thinner and his face looked worn. His eyes roved about. Instead of his usual student's uniform, he wore a wrinkled light gray suit, and instead of boots, summer sandals. He sat on the edge of the bed with his hands resting on the caps of his knees and his head lowered.

"What is it, Subbotin?" I asked in a whisper. "What has happened?" Receiving no immediate reply, I sat down by his side and waited. In my imagination one dark assumption replaced another.

Subbotin turned his face to me and began to talk in a dull voice which also seemed to have changed.

"This is the best break I have had in months, seeing you with the fishermen around the boat. That's exactly what I have been looking for since daybreak—a boat and one or two trustworthy men—had no luck at all. This is a devil of a place. Then just as I was ready to give up, I saw you and then your brother. Say," he interrupted himself, "can we talk here?" And he looked around suspiciously.

"Wait," I said. "I'll see." I rose, surveyed the yard through the small window, peeped into my grandmother's room to see if she was in and if no one else was there. "It's all right," I told him, retaking my seat at his side.

"I am sure nobody saw me coming in," he asserted. "I've become good at sneaking in and out of the houses—expert," he finished with a wry smile. After a pause, he added, "Your brother told me you have many friends among the fishermen."

I nodded my head. My alarm was gone already but I was still worried, puzzled, and intrigued.

"Are there any trustworthy men among them?"

"Plenty," I answered.

"It's a question of jail and Siberia for one of our most valuable comrades, Voronov!"

"There are the brothers Kustandi," I ventured less assured. "I have no doubts whatsoever about them."

He sat thinking. "Would they be willing to smuggle out of town a certain person?"

Now I was thinking. The Kustandis were born smugglers. They hated the police and everything connected with them. Besides, the few roubles which they would make would surely be a great inducement. But there were the coast guards in the bay and a coast-guard cutter, and just that morning two destroyers had come in and two more were expected that evening. Yet the two men were bold.

"They might," I replied hesitatingly. Then, seeing myself already in a boat with a foremost revolutionist—because I had made up my mind to go with the fishermen, should they be willing—I made my reply more definite. "As a matter of fact, I think they would."

"Now that's fine! That's great!" Subbotin cried. He jumped to his feet, crossed the room a few times, and stopped before me.

"You must have heard of Varvara Dubravina?" he began. His voice wavered as if he still doubted that he ought to talk freely to me.

But I was not annoyed, for the name had keyed me up and made me forget everything else.

Although known to us, the youngsters, only by hearsay, Varvara Dubravina had been for some time our ideal and a legend. During the last winter not a meeting of our group had taken place without the Moscow students at least mentioning her name. They talked of her with warmth and admiration, seldom referring to her by her last name, and not often by her patronymic, but usually by her Christian name and even by its diminutive form, Varia. They all said that she affected deeply her listeners and that she did it by a singular use of her own plain words, by her sorrow and motherly concern for the "downtrodden and insulted" to whom or of whom she spoke. She was comely and dainty, they claimed, had a love for life, curiosity, and a feeling for music and color. Varvara Dubravina was not, of course, her real name. Her father was a petty nobleman, a landowner. Although himself a liberal, he opposed his daughter's activity. But they met frequently.

"She's now here, in Balaklava," Subbotin continued, "with all the *shpiks* of Sebastopol after her. Two weeks ago she was forced to leave Moscow. We got her to come south where things seemed a little safer. We thought she could work among the sailors of the Black

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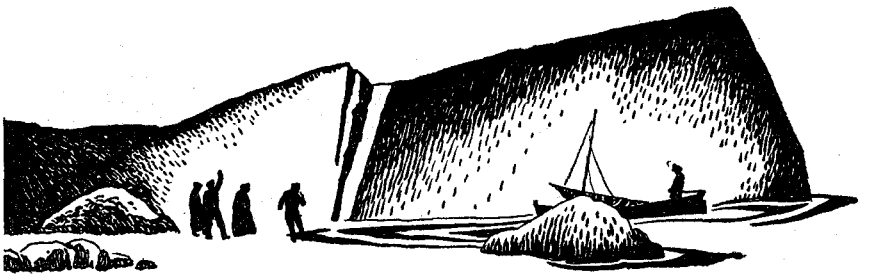

Sea fleet and the soldiers of the Sebastopol Garrison. Last night the meeting at which she was talking was raided. Luckily the signal was given in time and all escaped. But the *shpiks* somehow found out who the speaker was and are now combing the city."

He retook his seat on the bed and told me of the difficulties he and the comrades had had in getting Varvara out and bringing her here. This was the only way they could go, but here she was cornered and the only way for her to escape was by the sea. Her only chance was to be carried, for instance, to the Cape Aia, where a group of seeming excursionists could pick her up and whisk her away through the mountains.

He talked and I listened to him, my heart beating fast. One has to be a boy with his head full of romantic ideas, devoted to the movement, yearning for risky adventures, to share in the cult for Varvara Dubravina, to appreciate the stir which arose in my mind and my soul. In my thoughts I already had dismissed the brothers Kustandi from participation in the affair. I had decided to swing the whole thing myself and alone. There would be obstacles, of course. One would be the problem of getting a small sailboat. In the whole town there were only two suitable boats but both belonged to surly and unobliging people.

And deep in my mind I realized that my plan was not sensible, that it was presumptuous, that I might subject Dubravina to a still greater danger than the one from which I proposed to help her flee. But the idea took so great a hold upon me that I could not and cared not to consider anything.

I knew that should I offhand offer Subbotin my services instead of professional sailors, he would refuse. So I took to cunning and to building up a reason.

I told him that when I expressed my opinion that the fishermen might be willing to smuggle out of town a certain person, I did not know that the whole pack of the *shpiks* was so close. It would not be right for me to conceal that from the fishermen and they, once informed, would most surely refuse.

"But what else can we do, Voronov?" Subbotin asked in a fallen voice.

"I think I had better go and talk to the fellows," I said. "Maybe I am wrong." I rose, making ready to go. "I must hurry if I am to catch them before they leave."

"Yes, we have to hurry," he agreed. "Go, but for God's sake be careful; watch what you say."

"Why do we need to drag in strangers at all?" I asked. "I am good at handling a sailboat and I think I can get one for a day or two."

His face brightened. He looked me over from the feet to the head and asked swallowing, "Are you sure you can do it, Mitia? You must realize it's not a joke."

I burst out in assurances of my skill.

"How far is it to Aia?" he inquired.

"Fifteen miles or so. But much of it is along the coast."

"I don't see what else we can do," he remarked broodingly. He was silent for some time. "Voronov," he asked, "could you get me something to eat? I could not risk it to enter a restaurant."

"Of course!" I cried and rushed out of the room, my heart singing.

Had I been a better seaman, I would have observed in the evening signs of something brewing along the coast. Had the fisherman from whom I hired the small clumsy boat smelling of fish, seen me take it late in the afternoon, he would have stopped me. Had any other fisherman noticed me putting out, he would have surely shouted a warning. But weather signs meant little to me. The dark night played into my hand and so I pulled out of the bay and came into the inlet unseen and unaware.

There I approached the mouth of a steep gulley that comes down to the water, and lay on the oars waiting for Dubravina. The night was warm and starry. The Milky Way, appearing from beyond the top of one hill and disappearing beyond that of another, passed overhead in sharp outline. Water lapped softly against the stony shore. The boat rocked gently. Far behind and to my right two dim lights showed in the upper windows of a count's summer mansion. Three more lights, kerosene lanterns on posts, stood far apart on the opposite side of the inlet. And the rest was darkness—darkness and stars.

Keeping just off the shore and listening to all the little noises and sounds about me, I waited for the rap of two pebbles against each other followed by a second rap five counts later.

I was jumpy and agitated. My head was filled with a wild mixture of thoughts, romantic, apprehensive, daring, fantastic; so much so, indeed, that I was unaware of the passing time. But my ear was on the job and it caught the two raps, faint as they were.

My heart began to beat as if my life were at stake. With a few noiseless strokes I pulled up. There stood

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four figures before me—two men in students' uniforms and two girls.

"All right?" one of the men asked in a whisper.

"Yes," I whispered back.

"Good-bye, comrades," one of the girls said in a low clear voice. "You won't forget about Subbotin. Please see that he gets a good rest."

"Be assured! We'll see to it! Good-bye and good luck, Varia, dear!" the others answered in whispers.

She stepped into the boat and I pushed off. All was done smoothly and quickly as if it had been rehearsed.

I pulled swiftly and silently till we reached the end of the inlet. There I raised the mast, made fast the shrouds, and hoisted our lateen sail. The breeze filled it. A few minutes later we were in the waters bounded by a great crescent of cliffs which opened southward.

Our destination was the eastern horn of that crescent, the high and wooded Cape Aia, which I expected to make before daybreak, if all went well.

There were no lighthouses on that part of the coast; nor were there any lights along the crescent; nor on the water, except one, apparently on a small boat far away in the direction of Aia. I wished even this were not there. Not that it disturbed me much. I was sure I could sneak by. Yet who could tell?

Sitting in the stern of the boat, the tiller in one hand and the rope of the sail in the other, I was in that state of elation which comes after a well-done dangerous job. Mixed with this was a feeling of almost reverential curiosity toward my passenger, and a sensation of having something precious in my keeping which had been entrusted to me and my skill.

Much as I wished to talk to her, I, for some reason, had so far said little, although she herself was talking readily, addressing me in a tone of easy comradeship. She, too, was in the stern, sitting athwart from me on the up side of the boat. I could clearly see her outline against the sky and her movements, which I thought graceful, but of her face I could see no details.

The clear tone of her voice and its cadence thrilled me strangely. And the voice, together with the atmosphere which her presence created, was making me think of a gentle and friendly older sister.

Now I understood why our common friends so seldom referred to her by her last name or the patronymic. Even I, stranger that I was, could think of her only as Varvara or Varia, so little forbidding or formal there was about her. In a way, I was disappointed. I had expected her to be formidable and exalted.

This was her first time on the sea, she told me. She had never even seen one till a few days ago and that was only a bay. And I felt, little as she betrayed it, that the combined immensities of the starry sky, the dark night, and the black slowly undulating water, filled her with palpitating fascination.

"I have never known till now what I have missed," she said musingly.

"Yes," I replied as if the sky, sea, and night were mine and I were graciously offering her the use of them. "Nothing like a wide sea, by day or night, and a sailboat. Hold the tiller please!" I added quickly. "No, this way. That's it."

She moved over swiftly and I, leaping to my feet, shifted the sail for the third time since we had had it on. The breeze was changing and in order to make the best of it, I had to tack.

"How easily you do it!" she remarked when I returned to the stern. "I confess, I was a little apprehensive when Subbotin told me that I would have to go out with an amateur sailor."

"And what was it that made you decide to take the chance?" I asked. I might have said something more appropriate had not my attention become attracted by the light ahead of us. I thought I detected the sweep of a small searchlight. There had been rumors of the Csar's coming to Livadia, his summer residence near Yalta. Could this be one of the guard vessels? No, I concluded, such a vessel would have had more than one light. I said nothing about it to Varvara.

"What made me decide to take the chance?" she repeated my question. "Well, I thought that by taking the chance I might escape, while where I was—" she did not finish what she had in mind. Instead she said: "But now I see that in accepting your offer I was taking no chances at all." She leaned back over the gunwale, dipped her hand in water and, letting it pass around her wrist and between fingers, produced phosphorescent streaks. "What does it?" she asked.

"Microscopic animals," I answered authoritatively. "There are myriads of them at the surface." I was about to tell all I knew about those, and more, when she changed the subject again.

"Look at the stars in the water!" she exclaimed. "How they throb! Is that what you steer by, the stars?" she inquired. "I did not notice you using a compass and it is so dark that you can't see the land."

"I make use of the North Star, of course," I replied professionally. "But tonight I mainly depend on the Milky Way. You see, this part of the year and night it stretches almost dead southwest and since our course lies southeast, all I have to do is to steer at right angles to the Milky Way. The cape sticks out so far across our course that we can't possibly pass it."

"I see," she said with what I thought was a smile.

Fearing that I might not have impressed her with my information, I went on, telling her about the Great and the Small Dipper and turned my face astern to point out the two constellations. I knew where they

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ought to be but, to my astonishment, they were not there. There were no stars at all in the northwest.

That was how I got the first inkling of the changing weather. Storms were not frequent here in the summer months but they were bad when they did break out. The discovery alarmed me. But of this, also, I told Varvara nothing.

"Do you know the names of other stars, *too*?" she asked, breaking the silence.

"No. That's about all I know," I admitted.

"I do," she said. "Not of many, of course, but of some. Do you want me to name them to you?"

"Yes, please," I answered, my tone changing from a teacher's to that of a pupil.

Slowly surveying the sky all over, but passing quickly by the northwestern quadrant, and then stretching her hand northeast, she said: "Look at the Milky Way. There, behind you, just above the horizon. Do you see those five bright and big stars which form a sort of distorted English letter W? This is Cassiopeia. Do you make it out?"

"Oh, yes," I said, wondering whether she had noticed the clouds.

"Now look a little to the right. Do you see those two bright stars and two smaller ones, each by the side of a bright one?"

"Yes," I said not quite certain, however, that I was looking at the right thing.

"This is Andromeda, the Chained Lady. Now look again at the Milky Way. Below Cassiopeia. Do you see the five stars one under the other and all forming a smooth curve and a broken line of stars to the right of it? This is Perseus."

"I see," I answered absently. My mind was not with the stars. Again and again I stole glances at the sky astern. Now I knew why the wind kept changing. Then the boat ahead came to my mind. I speculated whether that something which was coming on from behind would help us to steal by it or would throw us too near. The boat seemed to be cruising across our way. I could not judge its distance. It might have been a mile, or two miles, or five miles, and even more.

Varvara did not go on with the lesson. She sat silent for a while, then began to talk of other things.

"Here we are sailing the very same sea which some of those ancient people sailed who invented all those myths and legends! There were Greek colonies along this coast, weren't there?"

"Several," I replied. "They say Balaklava was one of them. Please take the tiller!" Once more I jumped to my feet and threw the sheet on the other side.

"That makes me think of those turrets and fortification walls which we saw on the cliff against the sky, as we were coming out. You said they were Genoese."

"Yes," I affirmed, wondering at the same time whether I had not better make for the shore before it was too late.

"How long ago was it?"

"Seven or eight hundred years."

"That makes it twelfth or thirteenth century?"

"Yes."

"What has happened to you? You have become so silent all of a sudden. Don't you feel well?" she asked with warm concern.

"Oh, I'm perfectly all right," I answered quickly. "The wind is freshening and changing frequently and that demands all my attention," I explained evasively. A little later I added, "We may yet get a rough sea."

My mood passed on to her. She, too, became silent. I wished she hadn't. There had been something reassuring in her voice. I wished to draw her into another conversation but could think of nothing to say. More and more of the sky became covered with clouds, the wind was now coming in sharp puffs, and the waves were larger. I saw clearly what we were up against. There was more than one danger in that brewing storm. And I felt like a little boy who had done mischief and was facing the reckoning.

The sea roughened still more. The puffs of the wind grew stronger and lasted longer. White caps came out on the crests of the waves. Our boat pitched and rolled and, as the bow hit the water, jerked and quaked. I reefed, then double-reefed, our sail, Varvara helping me both times. She worked laughingly with what seemed to me a thrilled excitement.

Try as I would, I could not make out whether she realized fully the danger or not. Nor could I decide to tell her of it.

Twinkling and winking reflections showed up far astern. Those soon changed into bright flashes.

"Why, it's not only a wind! It's a thunder storm!" she cried out. There was no alarm in her voice and this, in one respect at any rate, relieved my anxiety.

"Yes, it looks like a rain," I replied, striving to appear nonchalant. "I think we'd better lower the sail. We never can tell what one of those squalls will do to a boat with sail on."

We lowered the yard, furled the sail, fastened them down, and then I shipped the bow oars and started to pull slowly, steadying the boat.

I was now sorry I had not made for the shore when we still had time. There was something queer in the atmosphere which I had never experienced before. The light on the other boat was still ahead of us although appearing much dimmer.

"I don't see why I am not helping you with the rowing," Varvara said. "I know how. I have rowed many times on the river at home. Shall I take the other pair of oars?"

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"I think you had better not," I said slowly, because it was difficult to pull the great oars and to talk at the same time. "You see, I am not rowing. I am just keeping the boat steady. This is exacting work. Perhaps later."

"You'll tell me when. Won't you?"

"Yes, I will."

I could hardly see her now, although she was not more than four feet away. Only from time to time, as the lightnings flashed up, she would leap out of the darkness as a black, motionless figure near the mast, projected against the fluttering white light.

"The lightnings are quivering and twitching like the wings of a dying bird," she recited with a soft cadence. "Do you remember that?"

"Yes. It's Turgenev's," I answered gloomily, although my chance remembrance of the little-known line gave me gratification. "No, she doesn't realize it," I thought.

A rumbling growl sprang up afar and died away.

"Our food and our spare clothes!" she exclaimed. "We've forgotten all about them! Where are they? Oh, here they are! Is there any place we can stow them away so they won't get wet?"

"There's a hole in the bow under the seat. Do you mind bringing the things here? I would rather not leave the oars."

Indeed, the boat careened about in spite of my heaving to. Sometimes it would plunge so far that for a few seconds I would see no light from the other boat.

Holding to the gunwale and the seats, Varvara came forward with the two bundles of food and an armful of clothes. She placed them in the enclosure, secured the hatch, and sat down on the nearest seat, facing me.

The growl and mutter in the distance changed into rolling peals and crashes, and the fluttering flashes into forking and branching blazes which darted over half of the sky.

Isolated in the darkness we sat without speech.

The more I thought of all the possible outcomes of our predicament the more I became convinced that all of them, save one, would lead either to our capture or to our end, and that our only chance of escaping with our lives and our freedom was so slight as to be negligible. Remorse was eating into me.

I ceased to pull for a moment to wipe the perspiration off my forehead.

"You are not losing heart, Mitia? Are you?" Varvara asked.

Her use of my diminutive name and the tone of her voice—a tone at once caressing and emboldening—stopped my indignant denials. I decided to myself, "Yes, she realizes," and aloud I added,

"No, I am not losing heart." And seeing that there was no more use concealing it, I explained, "But I am worried over our being set off too far into the open sea."

"And what if we do?" she asked.

I changed my mind again and thought, "No, she can't be realizing."

"We have food enough to last two or three days," she continued. "We can't be carried too far and, having the sail, we can always come back."

"Yes, if we don't capsize!" I blurted out. But remembering whose fault it was that we found ourselves among those dangers, I said meekly, "The trouble is we might meet a destroyer or get into the lane of the Yalta-Sebastopol steamers. They would be sure to stop us and bring us to one of these cities."

"No, that won't do!" she exclaimed. "I think we better try to keep closer to the land."

"But that will be just as bad," I remonstrated. "In blackness like this we should be thrown against the rocks before we knew it, if we came too close."

"You can swim? Can't you?" she asked.

"And what about you?"

"I swim a little. With your help I, perhaps, could make it." Her last words were clipped off by thunder.

"Not much chance," I replied. "The rocks here are slippery and the water would be boiling about them. Besides it would not do much good even if we succeeded in making the rocks. There still would be the wreckage of our boat. The coast guard or the fishermen would find it tomorrow morning and the whole thing would come out. We'd never get away by land."

"You said there are a few small beaches along the coast. Can't we make one of those?"

I had to wait for the thunder to subside before I could reply.

"Not in such darkness, unless by the utmost luck and the possible aid of the flashes." I did not know why I had said that, but something had entered me, some inflush of determination. "Come to think of it," I went on after still another thunderclap, "that might be the best thing to do. The wind seems to be coming now from the shore and we might just as well pull against it. At least that will keep us from setting off too far."

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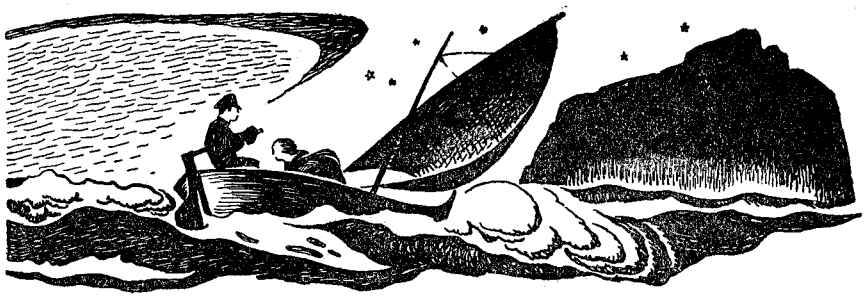

She offered again to help me with the rowing and I told her it was all right now. While she was shipping the after oars, I brought the bow of the boat around, and then we started to pull together. At first she got entangled in the waves but soon she mastered the stroke. I kept time with her by listening during the spells of stillness to the creaks of the rope rings around the oars and the thole-pins.

Hard as we pulled, I knew we were still drifting into the sea. But something lent exaltation to our exhausting work, and we stuck to it earnestly.

The whole sky was already overcast. At each new dancing blaze we saw the swelling and surging mass of clouds everywhere, and then in the ensuing darkness, heard the fulminating, drum-like trills.

My renewed exaltation notwithstanding, I felt an immense loneliness. And just so as to hear Varvara's voice, I cried out to her between two crashes, "Aren't you getting tired, Varvara Stepanovna?"

"Not yet," she cried back. Her words were clipped off again. In the next silent spell she added, "For a while I feared that I might get seasick but now I feel all right. How are you getting on? I was just going to ask you," she finished in a tone of concern.

"Fine!" I answered and at the same time I became aware of a combination of mutter, hiss, and whirr which was racing against us. "It's coming!" flashed through my mind.

The next moment it was there.

It pounced upon us in a turmoil of flying water, wind, volleys, and tumultuous light, the whole lashing and scourging us and hitting us as with sheets set with nails. Our boat tossed and whirled treacherously.

The oars became useless. With the greatest effort I drew them in and doubled up under the defeating blows. Immediately, however, prompted by either the desire to be closer to another human being or the notion that I ought to be near Varvara to help her in case of need, I struggled to my feet and, holding to the gunwale, seats, and mast, crept toward the stern.

I found her bent low over the oars which she was holding above the water. "Take them in!" I shouted. I got hold of one and pushed it under the seat. She struggled with the other but was not able to free it. I drew in this one also. And that was all I could do.

I did, though, get her to lower herself to the bottom of the boat where a little water had gathered already, and I lowered myself close to her. There we sat leaning against each other, holding tightly each other's hands, and both completely benumbed.

With every attempt to shout something, I swallowed mouthfuls of water. Even with my lips pressed together, water found its way into my throat. Nor could I open my eyes. I was shivering from cold and wet. And I felt Varvara shiver also.

Presently I became conscious that the water in the boat had risen dangerously high. "Must bail!" I cried in Varvara's ear.

I do not know how I ever found the tin pail and a large can. Bailing with the pail, I passed the can to Varvara. Spurred by the peril, we worked as fast as circumstances allowed. Yet we were not accomplishing much. The water poured in faster than we bailed. But, rolled up almost in balls and crouching side by side, we bailed for our lives.

A flash of bewildering intensity burst out, from what seemed to be only a few feet over our heads. Simultaneously came a blast which spread me flat on the bottom of the boat and made my ears ring long afterward. This was followed by a still greater deluge of tearing and flying water, by more blasts, by more sky-wide blazes of white and blue, by more water.

This clearly was our end. The boat could not stand it. It was a question of moments now. I waited, everything whirling in my mind.

And then, contrary to all expectation, the mad torrent of water and wind abated. The thunder was already crashing to leewards.

"It's over!" I cried for all I was worth.

"Yes, it's over!" came Varvara's voice as if from afar.

And it was over. The storm was making off. The wind fell. Rain was falling in an even downpour.

"Keep on bailing!" I shouted to Varvara. "I'll take the oars."

Wading, I passed forwards, reshipped the oars, and heaved to. Varvara bailed fast.

The downpour changed into a drizzle which soon gave out. But far away the storm continued.

"There's a star!" cried Varvara. "And there's another! Do you see them, Mitia?"

I saw them almost at the same time she did. The northwestern sky was clearing.

I looked around to find the light of the other boat but saw nothing. I wondered what had become of it. I wondered where we were.

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With the first glimmer of day, we discovered that we were outside the crescent, some five miles south of Aia, that is, in the steamer lane and in the path of the destroyers. Of the boat there was not a trace.

Losing no time, I hoisted sail and started anew for the cape but from an opposite direction.

Again, as in the beginning of our trip, I sat in the stern, holding the tiller in one hand and the rope of the sail in the other, and, as then, Varvara sat athwart from me on the up side of the listing boat.

But now, in the swiftly strengthening light, I could see not only her outline and movements, but her face also. And as I looked at her, she seemed to me different from what the Moscow students had described her, and different from what she had appeared to me in the dark. Yet I was not disappointed. On the contrary, I would not have her any different from what she turned out to be. She had what we call a "good," a "typical Russian" face, light, fluffy hair, and large gray eyes which now laughed at me, now looked thoughtful. She appeared to be all gentleness and warmth, and, unless one knew her, he would not easily suspect in her strong character and astounding courage.

When the sun rose and the sky and water turned blue and began to sparkle and everything around us far and wide took on an aspect of jubilant vigor, she spread her hair to dry and busied herself with preparation of breakfast. We ate it chattering happily and laughing over our last night's fright.

"You know, Mitia," she said, "if you were not so young or else if I were not so much older, I might have lost my heart to you."

"Now she is talking to me as to a *gymnasist,*" I thought, but I was not offended.

We landed on a small beach at about six in the morning. Here, keeping out of sight, we waited till noon, when her friends appeared. They, too, had been detained by the storm and they had worried endlessly. Varvara joined them furtively and soon was gone.

I stood on the beach, feeling lonesome and sorry for something, and watching the girl and her companions gradually disappear up the steep, wooded slope. Just before they all became concealed by the bushes, she turned around and waved her hand to me.

Man— the Unwilling Master

By Wells Wells

If woman has ever been man's chattel, she has been an estate in expectancy of which he has never obtained peaceful possession. If she has been subject and subordinate, she has been neither servile nor submissive and her unquenchable genius of language has been a perpetual slander of man's title.

The Hebraic code surpassed all other ancient law in its apparent subjection of woman to man's authority. Yet Solomon, who knew the law, said that he found "more bitter than death the woman, whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands." In the midst of his wisdom it was "better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a contentious woman in a wide house." Though this were the only cloud upon the Jewish male's uncertain title, is it not enough?

There is ground for shrewd suspicion in the persistence of woman's vocal self-immolation. The art of her necessities is strange. She is the only human being who is unfeignedly proud of a previous condition of servitude. She invokes high authority to declare that "the very word 'woman' (old English, *wifmann,* etymologically meaning a wife) sums up a long history of dependence and subordination. . . . The dependent position of women in early law is proved by the evidence of most ancient systems."* In a footnote, the writer admits that "in the earliest extant code, however, that of Khammurabi, the position of women was free and dignified."

Yet it is generally believed that the Sumerian code, prepared under Hammurabi (or Khammurabi), was a compilation of the then existing unwritten law, as generally recognized in most if not all ancient civilizations. It is difficult to believe that the status of woman could have been other than free and dignified among peoples who worshipped the Great Mother of the Gods in the persons of Isis, Cybele, Ishtar, Venus, and Ashtoreth or Astarte; who invested every woman with

*The Encyclopædia Britannica, 11th edition.

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the divine attributes of fertility and believed that, through her intercession, the supreme goddess granted the increase of flocks and herds and the healthful sprouting of grains and grasses.

If demotion from this high estate be admitted, it must be with the implicit confession of an inherent sex deficit or a fatal fault in woman's technic. It is not necessary to make the humiliating admission, for, while she quietly evades the empty shadow of authority and pins that futile badge upon man with its imposition of concrete obligations and responsibilities, woman never resigns the substance and sanctions of dignity and power. Civilization, if any, would be impossible if she were to do otherwise.

It would appear from what man has written about woman that she has been a lot of trouble to him; that she has been an insistent and baffling paradox, contributing to man's existence nearly equal measure of inspiration and defeat, of ecstasy and exasperation. Let him assume that he has won a brief intermission and she destroys his peace by some manifestation of her insatiable discontent. She is life's tempting, tantalizing, and triumphant erratic third.

The fiction of the mystery of woman is the expression of man's wish. He forever seeks the woman whom he cannot understand, but he never finds her; she is the promise of a hope which can never be fulfilled. Man understands this, too, but he cannot understand the mystery of his desire for her; so he clothes her transpicuity with the attributes of his confusion. The paradox is in himself, but it is easier to adorn woman with the veil of magic than to explain it.

Woman is no enigma to herself, for she is biologically more complete than man. Her sex memory derives from a time when he was quite unnecessary to her occasions, since the male is an anthropological innovation and a mere incident in the history of the race. He was evolved for her convenience, notwithstanding the Genesis tradition, and she purposes that he shall serve her requirements. That is right. What other earthly use does man serve?

His extravagance in the art and act of love does not deceive her; nor is she disquieted when he surrounds her with the halo of his infatuation. She understands and is fond of him. She is the conscious and epithymetrical exaggeration of his necessities, mercifully stimulating his vanities lest he discover his essential unimportance in a woman-made and woman-ruled society. She invests him with dignity lest he divest himself of responsibility; she brands him "master" lest he forget that she is mistress. It is her world; she is fashioning it to her patterns.

In Australia and Africa, human beings may still be found who are totally ignorant of the processes of conception and birth, and it is obvious that prehistoric man was unaware of his blood relationship to his own offspring. Fatherhood is a recent discovery in the long evolution of our race. To primitive man every birth was a virgin birth and a demonstration of woman's life-giving magic, or *mana*.

Woman was reverenced as the centre of creative force. As the active vehicle of power, she influenced for good or ill the health of the community, the virility and fighting strength of its defenders, the increase of the herds and the fertility of the fields. Her *mana* was believed to be potent even to control the forces of nature, bringing sunshine and showers in their seasons.

But there were times during which woman's *mana* became a menace. Her magic could reclaim that which it had bestowed, and, during the age of puberty, the menstrual periods, pregnancy, and other occasions of marked feminine functioning such as child-birth and lactation, her *mana* developed an uncontrollable strength—she was dangerous. At such times she was set apart, isolated, "taboo," because she then became a terrifying epicentrum of explosive power—ordinarily beneficent, but temporarily unrestrainable.

To the savage, the word "unclean" has no reference to physical impurity. It denotes fear—*fear* as a spiritual essence as well as dread of bodily injury. The taboo of primitive woman had the same moral significance as the separation of vestal virgins, the peculiar sanctity of Jehovah's name, or the untouchableness of the ark of the covenant. The primitive taboos survived in the Hebraic rituals of purification, for even the monotheism of the Jew could not wholly eradicate the age-old superstitions.

Far from indicating prehistoric woman's subordination and dependence, the customs and institutions which survived in ancient civilizations present strong evidence of her superior and perhaps dominant status. Among primitive peoples an order of society, which has been called *Mutterrecht,* was very common, if not universal. This was a matriarchal system in which descent and inheritance were reckoned through the mother alone. It was the earliest form of family life. It follows that the family is more ancient than marriage and had developed into a permanent institution long before marriage seemed necessary.

At any rate, the family institution breaks upon the horizon of history with female- or mother-kinship, *beena* marriage and exogamy. Exogamy is the taboo which forbids a man to marry within his own clan or totem, and *beena* marriage was that form of exogamy which required the male to leave his mother and live with his mothers-in-law (properly in the plural), who were the law-givers and rulers of the most ancient family unit. As the prototype of the vestal virgins and as the priestess of the hearth, woman found one of her most effective weapons in fire. The male quadruped is

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easily managed if he is given well-cooked food, provided with a warm bed, and permitted a reasonable amount of original sin.

Many a little girl, when reading about the prince who married the beautiful princess, has wondered how he, and not the king's son, became king when "they live happily ever afterward." Like many a beautiful fairy tale, the story of the prince and the beautiful princess derives from an ancient practice which carried sinister implications.

But exogamy was not the invariable rule, for "endogamy," or the taboo which required marriage within the community, was also practised. Where endogamy prevailed, civilization developed the Egyptian type of society, in which the marriage of brother and sister was not unusual, as is more than indicated in the union of Isis with her brother Osiris. Indeed, the marriage of Cleopatra and her brother was a sacred obligation, for thereby the kingship was retained by the royal and semi-divine family of the Ptolemies. It was necessary for an Egyptian to marry his sister if he were to participate in the family inheritance, which always passed from mother to daughter. In reality, the daughter inherited her brother as a part of her mother's estate—he was, in a sense, her chattel. It is more than likely that Potiphar's wife was his sister.

The family is woman's institution; it was never of man's devising. As organized society developed around the nucleus of the family unit, woman rose to the zenith of her influence and power. When emerging civilization discovered the fallacy of magic and conceived the idea of supernatural energy, woman, its known creative manifestation, was deified. Inevitably, the first deities were goddesses and all women became partakers of divine unction.

Nor did the discovery of man's function in the generation of life shake woman's hold upon human imagination. On the contrary, man became what in scientific fact he is, the convenient instrument of woman in the development of the race. Humanity could not evolve the idea of a father-god until it had discovered the fact of fatherhood; so the father-god is a late arrival in the history of religion. Nor did the male divinity first appear as a father-god. He was the lover of the mother-god and his function was to stimulate her reproductive faculties—an Attis for his Cybele, a Tammuz for his Ishtar, an Adonis for his Aphrodite, and an Osiris for his Isis.

Obviously, all this was a synchronization of divine with human practice. The first priest was the human counterpart of the male god. His sacerdotal authority expanded into royalty and the priest-king became the priest-king-god. Through these stages, the priest and king became, himself, the consort of the goddess, whose mortal representative was the queen. Thus evolved "the divine right of kings" and the deification of royalty.

But the immutable principle of fertility resided in the queen and, consequently, the royal right descended in the female line. The king achieved royalty as the spouse of the queen, and not otherwise. The ancient king was like the Republican party; he reigned so long as he produced prosperity. Upon the slightest evidence of decay or waning vigor, he lost his crown and his life. Succession by assassination was the rule.

Naturally, the inevitable quality of the office detracted from its glamour, and many of the privileges of royalty derive from the attempt to compensate to the king-god for the sacrifice which he ultimately must make to preserve the health and prosperity of his people. As might be expected, it became increasingly difficult to secure qualified candidates for the hand of the queen, and, finally, resort was had to the device of marrying her to a stranger, often a captive of war.

Whereas it had been the practice of man to leave his mother's group and sue for admission in the mother-in-law-governed group of his wife, the nomadic period, requiring aggressive male leadership, also enhanced the importance of the fighting male members of the community. Exogamy, thereupon, developed the converse of the earlier custom; the wife left the clan of her birth and joined that of her husband, which was usually allied with her own either by treaty or by the stronger bonds of consanguinity.

Under the new rule, the woman transferred her allegiance, precisely as the man had done under the ancient form of *beena* marriage. She became *mater-familias*—the house-mother—and, as such, was inducted into the mysteries of her husband's *familias*. She joined with her husband—the household priest—in the family prayers and, with him, offered sacrifices to the lares and penates. She was treated as her husband's equal. Under this reverse rule of exogamy, moreover, the wife was made a participant in the intimate family life in a degree never permitted the man, when under the former rule he entered the household of his wife.

It thus appears that the status of woman in the ancient world was one of honor and respect. Whenever power and authority were vested in man, his dominion, if any, was the necessary corollary of extraordinary domestic responsibilities and public obligations, as to which he was held in strict accountability. He was even liable to capital punishment for the criminal acts of his wife, though personally innocent. In other words, his burden of liability was made endurable, if not attractive, upon the same principle of compensation which conferred royal prerogatives upon the king who must die for his people.

One or two traverses of the indignities to which society is alleged to have subjected woman will suffi-

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ciently serve to assess the character of the rest of them. The horrified exclamation that "it was the duty of a childless widow to marry her deceased husband's brother,"* is typical.

The custom of *levirate* gave the widow the *right* of marriage with her deceased husband's brother and imposed upon *him* the duty to marry *her*. In the 38th chapter of the book of Genesis, the widow is commended for an extraordinary method of enforcing her right. Having been given one brother of her deceased husband with fatal consequences, and being denied a second brother, she inveigled her father-in-law into meretricious relations, which were thereafter legitimized as the exercise of her lawful right.

In the book of Ruth, the beautiful love-story is founded upon the right of *levirate,* and it is there indicated that the duty fell also upon the male next-of-kin of the husband, when no brother was available.

The specific details of the widow's privilege are found in the 25th chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, where the husband's brother is enjoined to "take her to him to wife, and perform the *duty* of a husband's brother unto her." Upon the denial of her right, it was provided that "his brother's wife come unto him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot, and spit in his face, and shall answer and say, So shall it be done unto that man that will not build up his brother's house."

In the nomadic period, the custom of *levirate* saved the widow from abandonment and certain death. Even after the nomadic period the interested party did not object to it, but, on the contrary, vigorously prosecuted her right.

The ancient family was *"an aggregation of families.* The contrast may be most forcibly expressed by saying that the *unit* of an ancient society was the family, of a modern society the individual."† It was like a corporation, which in legal contemplation never dies. The patriarchal group was perpetual and inextinguishable. The family sheltered the individual, was responsible for his acts and answerable in compensatory damages or in retaliatory blood recompense (*lex talionis*) for his misdeeds. In the nomadic period, it was scarcely possible for the individual to subsist except as a member of the patriarchal group.

Manifestly, woman would rarely prove adequate to the command of a nomadic tribe, and, though female chieftainship was not unknown, it inevitably tended to become exclusively a masculine responsibility. Necessarily, therefore, women remained subject to patriarchal authority; but with the same status as that of every male member of the tribe, except those who, by inheritance or otherwise, achieved the chieftainship.

As society crystallized into the state, the family survived as its political and civil unit. The trusteeship of the common family estate and the responsibility for the family unit also survived, the chieftain reappearing as the Roman *paterfamilias*. Because it was still requisite to the civil responsibility imposed upon him as the head of his *familias* and necessary to the fulfilment of his obligations as trustee of the common estate, the *paterfamilias* retained the extraordinary *legal* power which, *by common consent,* had been his as chieftain of the nomadic group.

Curiously enough, the family-unit system worked a serious hardship upon the woman who was "emancipated" from its operation! The woman's movement in Rome was for the right of the unmarried daughter to remain under the "tyranny" of man! Where the civil unit was the family, it was imperatively important *to the individual* that she maintain her membership in the unit, since essential rights and privileges devolved through the family.

Her brothers became *paterfamiliæ* in their own right; but, until her marriage, the female who had been released from *potestas* simply "didn't belong." To overcome the difficulty, a device, known as "tutelage," was employed. Like the word, *imbecillitas,** this word has been keeping bad company. Modern writers have cited it as one more evidence of woman's subserviency. On the contrary, it marked what was perhaps the first victory for the woman's movement. The Latin word is *tutela* and means merely a trusteeship. As applied to women, it was a recognized legal fiction whereby the unmarried female attained actual independence, *and without the responsibilities of paterfamilias.*

Indeed, the status of the unmarried female became so desirable that the ancient forms of marriage became obsolete, and the purely plebeian form of *usus* became the universal practice. And *usus* means *use,* or, as the word logically implies, nothing more nor less than a "common-law marriage." In order to prevent *usus* from ripening into conventional regularity, it was only necessary that the wife absent herself from her husband's house for three consecutive nights each year, thus retaining the advantages of tutelage while she enjoyed the privileges of wifehood and proving to the world that it is possible for a woman to run on two sides of a fence at the same time.

But, of course, woman was neither subordinate nor

*The Encyclopædia Britannica, 11th edition, sub-title, *Women.*

†"Ancient Law," by Sir Henry Maine, published, 1864, by Charles Scribner & Co.

*It has been said that the word, *imbecillitas,* which frequently appears in Roman law in reference to women, carried the same meaning as the English word "imbecile." According to Webster, the word means "in general, without strength." It certainly had no special reference to weakmindedness. If the Romans had enacted a modern labor law for women, the word, *imbecillitas,* would surely have appeared in the statute, and the Roman matron would have been astonished to learn that the word raised any question as to her mental capacity.

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inferior in the ancient family. It was her institution; she created it with all its incidents. Every vital feature of the *familias* had been carried over from the matriarchate. It was found convenient to transfer the burden of responsibility, but woman still symbolized divine favor and exacted the reverence which was her due.

Did the Son of Mary bring sorrow where the gods had been so kind? There is venerable authority for the conviction that he did. Sir Henry Maine declares that "no society which preserves any tincture of Christian institution is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law." That was written nearly seventy years ago, but a recent writer maintains that, in the early Church, "the naked back of woman felt the sting . . . of five lashes, and their names were Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. . . . Beyond all possible doubt the first centuries of Christianity degraded women, filled them with despair, made their life purposeless, to an extent which has rarely been equalled in the whole history of mankind."

The evidence is insufficient and the indictment should be quashed. It should be apparent that extensive quotation of the personal views of Saint Paul, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Commodian, Cyprian, "The Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs," and Epiphanius still leaves something lacking in the way of supporting affidavits. It is relevant to inquire what women were *doing* while the early fathers were *talking*. The nature and content of their opinions are conclusive proof that there was something to talk about and that the early mothers were far from submissive.

Christianity was first accepted by "the poor in spirit," the downtrodden and oppressed. In so far as these may have conformed to the discipline imposed upon women by the early fathers, that fact may not fairly be deemed evidence of social trend.

For Christianity taught the indwelling presence of God! It was a direct assault upon the ancient system which strangled personality in the folds of the family unit. It opposed the enfolding of ancient faiths with an unfolding vision of man's birthright in "the kingdom of God." Especially for women did it carry the promise of more abundant living. All that was noble in the worship of Cybele was sanctified in the person of Mary, whose seed was very God. *This was Christianity*—not the "throwbacks" to savage taboo which some of the early fathers preached.

Nor was the significance of the virgin-birth lost upon the woman of the early Church. It was impossible for her not to be aware of its connotations; the memory of its implications, as taught in the ancient religions, was too fresh to be ignored. The recurrence of the virgin-birth in the religions of antiquity is earnest of a sure instinct in mankind. Woman is the well-spring of life. In her humanity was fashioned and through her God is manifest in saving power. It is not necessary to believe the Gospel story to appreciate the symbol: In Woman is Life and Life is God.

Man's so-called passion of possession is a myth. In woman it is a sublime reality. She must *possess* the attributes and incidents of her creative occasions, and man is but one of them. Christianity offered her expanding, creative life. No matter, now, about the long years of ignorance, during which woman built upon the rock of this inspiration. Christianity bound the man to her with bands of steel; he was chained to her, now, by his hopes of Heaven. He became her convenient attendant in the revelation of human destiny. If the new religion made him her "God-appointed head," he was one who could not, and dare not if he could, break the ties with which the Church bound him to her.

She could wait for freedom. For the first time in history, she had attained *security*. Having provided security, man must now devise her freedom. If this drives him to the machine, as Sherwood Anderson fears, so be it. He is but a partial person; his self-expression is unessential. It is woman's personality which civilization must enlarge. If we lose "the wonder of our maleness"* in the process, woman will find new lovers. Even as a male, man is not so wonderful.

It is time for man to wonder about his capacity to satisfy woman. In sudden humility, he should seek the rejuvenating quickening of the gods, for he must be both husband and lover—supply both security and freedom. If man is defeated by the machine, then woman will again fashion society to her patterns. She will not be deprived of sex fulfilment, merely to prolong an institution which has failed to serve her needs. She is equal to her exigencies; she has always been. Will marriage survive? Only as it meets her requirements —security, freedom, and the utter unfolding of her human-divine completeness.

When the Great God Pan appeared unto men he inspired them with sudden terror, or "panic." But he was no terror to women. His father was the god Hermes, and his mother was a woman. Women understand such things. He was born with horns, with the beard and feet of a goat; he had a tail and his person was covered with hair. He sported and danced with the mountain nymphs and filled the fields and woodlands with the piping of his glad romance.

Women understood Pan. He was the god of fertility; but he atrophied, which is a bad practice for god or man. Pan withdrew into the glorious company of those deities who have consorted with the mothers of gods—the Great God Pan died.

Herein is a lesson for man.

*"It's a Woman's Age," by Sherwood Anderson, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1930.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Hyacinth Drift

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

The author of "South Moon Under" writes the log of a journey down the St. Johns River

THE river was a blue smear through the marsh. The marsh was tawny. It sprawled to the four points of the compass; flat; interminable; meaningless.

I thought, "This is fantastic. I am about to deliver myself over to a nightmare."

But life was a nightmare. The river was at least of my own choosing.

My friend Dess and I had said, "We shall take an eighteen-foot open boat with an outboard motor and put in at the source of the Saint Johns River. We shall go down the river for several hundred miles."

Men had protested. "Two women alone? The river runs through some of the wildest country in Florida. You'll be lost in the false channels. No one ever goes so far toward the head of the river." Then, passionately, betraying themselves, "It will be splendid. What if you do get lost? Don't let any one talk you out of it."

The Saint Johns River flows from south to north and empties into the Atlantic near the Florida-Georgia line. Its great mouth is salt and tidal, and ocean-going vessels steam into it as far as Jacksonville. It rises in a chain of small lakes near the Florida east coast, south of Melbourne. The lakes are linked together by stretches of marsh through which, in times of high water, the indecisive course of the young river is discernible. Two years of drought had shrunken the stream and dried the marshes. The southernmost sources were overgrown with marsh grass. Water hyacinths had filled the channels. The navigable head of the Saint Johns proved to be near Fort Christmas, where the highway crosses miles of wet prairie and cypress swamp between Orlando and Indian River City.

There is a long high fill across the marsh, with a bridge over the slight blue twisting that is the river. We drove car and trailer down an embankment and unloaded the small boat in the backwaters. The bank was of black muck, smelling of decay. It sucked at our feet as we loaded our supplies. We took our places in the boat and drifted slowly into midchannel.

Water hyacinths began to pass us, moving with a faint anxiety in their lifted leaves. The river was no more than a path through high grass. We swung under the bridge, and the boy at the wheel of our car lifted his hand in parting and shot away. Something alive and potent gripped the flat bottom of the boat. The hyacinths moved more rapidly. The river widened to a few yards and rounded a bend, suddenly decisive. Dess started the outboard motor. I hunched myself together amidships and spread the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey river chart on my knees and clicked open my compass. I noticed disconsolately, "Lights, Beacons, Buoys and Dangers Corrected for Information Received to Date of Issue." There would be neither lights, beacons, nor buoys for at least a hundred miles. Bridge and highway disappeared, and there was no longer any world but this incredible marsh, this unbelievable amount of sky.

Half a mile beyond the bridge a fisherman's shack leaned over the river. For sociability, we turned in by the low dock. The fisherman and his wife squatted on their haunches and gave us vague directions. We pointed to Bear Island on our chart.

He said, "You won't never see Bear Island. Where they got a channel marked on your map it's plumb full o' hyacinths. Down the river a ways you'll see a big ol' sugar-berry tree stickin' up in the marsh. That's your mark. You keep to the left. The next mark you'll get is a good ways down the river. You go left by a pertickler tall piece o' grass."

The woman said, "You just got to keep tryin' for the main channel. You'll get so you can tell."

The man said, "I ain't never been as far as you-all aim to go. From what I hear, if you oncet get through Puzzle Lake, you got right clare river."

The woman said, "You'll some kind of enjoy yourselves. The river life's the finest kind o' life. You couldn't get you no better life than the river."

We pushed away from the dock.

The man said, "I'd be mighty well obliged if you'd send me a post-card when you get where you're goin'. That-a-way I won't have to keep on worryin' about you."

Dess cranked the motor, and they waved after us. Dess began to whistle, shrilly and tunelessly. She is an aston-

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ishing young woman. She was born and raised in rural Florida, and guns and campfires and fishing-rods and creeks are corpuscular in her blood. She lives a sophisticate's life among worldly people. At the slightest excuse she steps out of civilization, naked and relieved, as I should step out of a soiled chemise. She is ten years my junior, but she calls me, with much tenderness, pitying my incapabilities, "Young un."

"Young un," she called, "it's mighty fine to be travelling."

I was prepared for marsh. It was startling to discover that there was in sight, literally, nothing else. Far to the west, almost out of sight to the east, in a dark line like cloud banks was the distant cypress swamp that edged this fluid prairie. We may have taken the wrong channel for a mile or so, for we never saw the sugar-berry tree; nothing but river grass, brittle and gold, interspersed, where the ground was highest, with butter-yellow flowers like tansy. By standing up in the boat I could see the rest of the universe. And the universe was yellow marsh, with a pitiless blue infinity over it and we were lost at the bottom.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the river dissolved, without warning, into a two-mile spread of flat confusion. A mile of open water lay ahead of us, neither lake nor river nor slough. We advanced into the centre. When we looked over our shoulders, the marsh had closed in over the channel by which we had come. We were in a labyrinth. The stretch of open water was merely the fluid heart of a maze. Channels extended out of it in a hundred directions —some shallow, obviously no outlets; others as broad as the stream we had left behind us, and tempting. We tried four. Each widened in a deceptive sweep. A circling of the shore-line showed there was no channel. Each time we returned to the one spot we could again identify —a point of marsh thrust into the water like a swimming moccasin.

Dess said, "That map and compass don't amount to much."

That was my fault. I was totally unable to follow the chart. I found later, too late for comfort, that my stupidity was not entirely to blame, for after the long drought, half the channels charted no longer existed. The sun had become a prodigious red disc dropping into a distant slough. Blue herons flew over us to their night's quarters. Somewhere the river must continue neatly out of this desolation. We came back once more to the point of land. It was a foot or two out of water and a few square yards of the black muck were comparatively dry. We beached the rowboat and made camp.

There was no dry wood. We carried a bag of fat pine splinters but it occurred to me desperately that I would save them. I laid out a cold supper while Dess set up our two camp cots side by side on the open ground. As the sun slid under the marsh to the west, the full moon surged out of it to the east. The marsh was silver and the water was steel, with ridges of rippled ebony where ducks swam in the twilight. Mosquitoes sifted against us like a drift of needles. We were exhausted. We propped our mosquito bar over the cots on crossed oars, for there was no bush, no tree, from which to hang it.

We did not undress, but climbed under the blankets. Three people had had a hand in loading our cots, and the wooden end-pieces were missing. The canvas lay limp instead of taut, and our feet hung over one end and our heads over the other, so that we were disposed like corpses on inadequate stretchers. The crossed oars slid slowly to the muck, the mosquito bar fluttered down and mosquitoes were about us in a swarm. Dess reached under her cot for her light rifle, propped it between us, and balanced the mosquito bar accurately on the end of its barrel.

"You can get more good out of a .22 rifle than any other kind of gun," she informed me earnestly.

I lay on my back in a torment of weariness, but there was no rest. I had never lain in so naked a place, bared so flatly to the sky. The moon swung high over us and there was no sleeping for the brightness. Towards morning dewdrops collected over the netting as though the moonlight had crystallized. I fell asleep under a diamond curtain and awakened with warm full sunlight on my face. Cranes and herons were wading the shore near me and Dess was in the rowboat a few hundred yards away, casting for bass.

Marsh and water glittered iridescent in the sun. The tropical March air was fresh and wind-washed. I was suddenly excited. I made a campfire with fatwood splinters and cooked bacon and toast and coffee. Their fragrance eddied across the water and I saw Dess lift her nose and put down her rod and reel. She too was excited.

"Young un," she called, "where's the channel?"

I pointed to the northeast and she nodded vehemently. It had come to both of us like a revelation that the water hyacinths were drifting faintly faster in that direction. From that instant we were never very long lost. Forever after, where the river sprawled in confusion, we might shut off the motor and study the floating hyacinths until we caught, in one direction, a swifter pulsing, as though we put our hands close and closer to the river's heart. It was very simple. Like all simple facts, it was necessary to discover it for oneself.

We had, in a moment, the feel of the river; a wisdom for its vagaries. When the current took us away that morning, we gave ourselves over to it. There was a tremendous exhilaration, an abandoning of fear. The new channel was the correct one, as we knew it should be. The river integrated itself again. The flat golden banks closed in on both sides of us, securing a snug safety. The strangeness of flowing water was gone, for it was all there was of living.

In midmorning, solid land made its way here and there towards us, and then in time withdrew. For a mile we had a low rolling hill for company, with traces of ancient habitation at its peak: a few yards of rotting fence, a crepe myrtle, an orange tree.

We passed a lone fisherman hauling his seine. His legs were planted crane-like in the water. His long arms looped up folds of the gray net with the rhythm of a man swinging a sickle. We told him our origin and our destination. Because we were now a part of the river he offered us a fish. His catch was meager and we refused it. We passed cattle, wild on the marsh. They loomed startlingly above us, their splotched black and brown and red and white luminous against the blue sky, like cattle in Bonheur pictures hung high above the eye-level.

The river dissolved into shallow pools and was interspersed with small islands, palm-crowded and lonely. It was good to see trees, lifting the eyes from so many miles of flatness. The pools gathered themselves together and there was under us again a river, confined between ob-

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vious banks. Sometimes the low-lying land was dry for a great distance, specked with soap-berry bushes, and the wild cattle cropped a short grass that grew there.

We had Puzzle Lake and then Lake Harney, we knew, somewhere ahead of us. We came out from a canal-like stretch of river into a body of open water. Dess and I stiffened. She shut off the motor.

Far away across the marsh there was a long white rolling as though all the sheep in the world were being driven through prehistoric dust-clouds. The mad thought came to me that we had embarked on the wrong river and had suddenly reached the ocean, that the vast billowing in the distance was surf. But something about the thing was familiar. That distant line was a fill, a forty-foot sand embankment, across the marsh between the Saint Johns River and the east-coast town of Mims, and I had driven its one-rut grade two weeks before. The marsh had been even more desolate from the height of that untravelled, unfinished roadway. The fill ended, I remembered, in a forty-degree drop to a decrepit ferry that crossed the river. The billowing we now saw was loose white sand moving along the embankment ahead of a high wind. I ran my finger along the chart. There was no ferry mapped for the far side of Puzzle Lake. A ferry was indicated, however, on the far side of Lake Harney.

I said, "Dess, we've come through Puzzle Lake and didn't know it. We've reached Lake Harney."

She did not question my surety. She spun the motor.

"All right, young un. Which way across?"

I compared chart and compass. I pointed. She headed the boat as I directed. I split nautical points to keep our position exactly. I took her across water so shoal we had to pole through it; under overhanging banks and through dense stiff sedge, when often a plainly better channel swung a few feet away in another direction. The extreme low water, I called, had evidently dried Lake Harney to this confused alternating of open lake and maze. Dess whistled dubiously but asked no questions. We struck deep water at last and were at the ferry I had indeed remembered. The old ferryman peered from his hut and came down to meet us, shading his eyes. He seemed to find us very strange indeed. Where had we come from?

"We put in yesterday at Fort Christmas," I answered him, "and I'm glad to say we've just finished navigating Lake Harney."

He stared in earnest.

"Lady," he said, "you haven't even reached Lake Harney. You've just come through Puzzle Lake."

The ferry here simply was not chartered, and the episode proves anything one may wish it to prove. I felt contentedly that it proved a harmony with the river so complete that not even the mistaking of whole lakes could lose us. Others of more childish faith were sure it proved the goodness of God in looking after imbeciles. I know only that we were congratulated by fishermen the entire length of the river on navigating Puzzle Lake successfully.

"I brought our boat through Puzzle Lake," I told them with simple dignity, "by the sternest use of chart and compass."

And it was only in Dess's more evil moments that she added, "—in the firm belief that she was crossing Lake Harney."

Lake Harney itself was four miles long, unmistakably broad and open. We crossed it in late afternoon with the westerly sun on our left cheeks and a pleasant March wind ruffling the blue water. Passing out of the lake we bought roe shad, fresh and glistening from the seine. The current quickened. The hyacinths plunged forward. The character of the river changed the instant the lake was left behind. It was deep and swift, the color of fine clear coffee that is poured with the sun against it. It was mature. All its young torture was forgotten, and its wanderings in the tawny marsh. The banks had changed. They were high. Tall palms crowded great live oaks and small trees grew humbly in their shadows. Toward sunset we swung under the western bank at one of those spots a traveller recognizes instinctively as, for the moment, home.

If I could have, to hold forever, one brief place and time of beauty, I think I might choose the night on that high lonely bank above the Saint Johns River. We found there a deserted cabin, gray and smooth as only cypress weathers. There was no door for its doorway, no panes or shutters for its windows, but the roof was whole, with lichens thick across the shingles. Dess built me a fire of red cedar. She sat on the sagging steps and whittled end-pieces for our cots, and I broiled shad and shad roe over fragrant coals, and French-fried potatoes, and found I had the ingredients for Tartar sauce.

Dess nailed a board between low rafters in the cabin from which to hang the mosquito bar over our cots, and said, "Young un, Christopher Columbus had nothing on us. He had a whole ocean to fool around in, and a what-do-you-call-it:—a continent, to come out on. Turn that boy loose in the Saint Johns marsh, and he'd have been lost as a hound puppy."

We had hot baths out of a bucket that night, and sat on the cabin steps in pajamas while the fire died down. Suddenly the soft night turned silver. The moon was rising. We lay on our cots a long time wakeful because of beauty. The moon shone through the doorway and windows, and the light was patterned with the shadows of Spanish moss waving from the live oaks. There was a deserted grove somewhere behind the cabin, and the incredible sweetness of orange bloom drifted now and then across us.

A mockingbird sang from a palm tree at sunrise. We found by daylight that the cabin sat among guava trees higher than the roof. The yard was pink and white with periwinkles. Dess shot a wild duck on the wing with the .22 and I roasted it in the Dutch oven for breakfast. We lay all morning on the bank in the strong sunlight, watching the mullet jumping in the river. At noon we went reluctantly to the water's edge to load the boat and move on. The boat was half-filled with water and was resting with an air of permanence on the river bottom.

My first thought was of pure delight that it was no longer necessary to leave this place. But Dess was already stepping out of her sailor trousers. I too removed superfluous clothing. We bailed the boat and found two streams of water gushing in steadily under bow and stern seats. We managed to drag the boat on shore and turn it upside down. We found that the caulking had worked loose out of two seams. Dess donated a shirt, and for two hours with pocket knives we stuffed strips of cloth into treacherous cracks. When we put

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the boat in the river again, the caulking held.

I begged to stay another night, but Dess was restless. We pushed on for the few hours left of daylight. The shore line narrowed to thin strips of sand with tall twisted palms along them. The clear brown river was glassy in the windless evening. The palms were mirrored along both banks, so that when white ibises flew over in a rosy sunset, the river might have been the Nile.

We camped that night in comparative comfort under an upturned tree root. The spot was not tempting from the water, but once we were snugged down, it proved cavelike and cozy. A highland moccasin slithered from under my feet at the edge of camp and went harmlessly about his business. Dess cut down a young palmetto and we had swamp cabbage for dinner—"hearts of palm" when it is ordered at the Waldorf. We cooked it Cracker-style with a piece of white bacon, and baked corn sticks in the Dutch oven to go with it.

In the morning we watched the hyacinth drift closely to be sure of taking the cut to Prairie Landing instead of wandering into Lake Jessup. A highway crossed the river here, and folk waved down to us. In the cut a woman was running a catfish line. She was gaunt and sun-tanned, ragged and dirty. She pulled in the line, hand over hand, with a quick, desperate accuracy. She lifted a shaggy head when we called "Howdy" and said "Hey," and bent again to her line with a terrifying absorption. Something about her shamed all soft, clean women.

We cut across the south end of Lake Monroe and found that it was Sunday in the city of Sanford. We had reached the outpost of large-vessel traffic on the Saint Johns, and we put-putted under the bow of an incoming freight steamer. We took on gasoline and the New York papers. We used the gas and forgot to read the papers.

Out of Lake Monroe we began to see fishermen pulling seines every few miles along the river. Here and there was a camp. Once a palmetto thatching made a tip-tilted shelter, and a startlingly pretty girl in overalls looked out with a placid face. We passed an old fisherman and a little girl in a boat. The child was rowing. We encountered a tall lumber steamer in midstream. The book of Pilot Rules provided that the boat in our position should swing to starboard, passing to port, and should give two short distinct blasts on the boat's whistle to signify its intention. Two lusty blasts on a dog whistle brought no answering blow from the steamer, but the cook, paring potatoes in the open stern, waved to us as we angled to cross their wake.

We had "right clare river" now, the river life was indeed the finest of lives, and there was no hurry left in the world. We put up a golden-brown deep creek and fished all afternoon. A white egret fished companionably with us a few yards away, and water turkeys flapped their wings lazily from high dead cypresses. A water moccasin arched his six feet of magnificent mottled hide between a spider lily and a swamp laurel. The laurel was in full bloom, and the sunny creek was a wedge of fragrance. We found a white sand bar and had a swim in water clear as amber.

Camp that night was on a pine bluff, very high and dry and decent after the tree root and the highland moccasin. Storm threatened for the first time, and we stretched a tarpaulin between slash pines to make a shelter. We were on the east bank; the moon and sun rose behind us. In the morning we found that small animals had dug holes all about us while we slept.

We pushed the motor that day. The river was deep and narrow. The banks were dense swamp, black with undergrowth. A landing would have been, for the most, impossible. We ate a cold lunch as we travelled. Beyond Deland Landing we called at a houseboat tethered to the bank. Its owner had been captain on the old Clyde River Line, and he received our request for advice on crossing Lake George with the old-school graciousness of large craft meeting small. He took my compass well forward of the houseboat, away from its metal stanchions, to chart our course across the fourteen-mile lake the more precisely. I made the mental note that perhaps I had better move the castiron Dutch oven from under my seat. He gave us a set of distance cards and a choice of courses. The more sporting course was the main channel used by large steamers. In a boat as small as ours we should be out of sight of land for nearly an hour. The west channel never entirely lost the land, but if it came on to blow, we would do best by taking neither, and hugging the west shore. He bowed us courteously on our way.

We planned to camp as close as possible that night to the Volusia bar. We wanted to cross Lake George in the early morning before the wind rose. Beyond the village of Astor the scrub reared high against the west. Cypress swamp bordered the river. There was scarcely a patch of ground large enough to step out on. We pushed on to the cluster of fishing huts at the junction of lake and river. Hyacinths moved here in vast green flexible sheets. The huts were on stakes over the water and were not inviting.

Only one stood on enough ground to offer camping facilities. We poled through the hyacinths and called from the rickety small dock. A sullen-faced woman spoke curtly from the doorway. We could see the interior of the shack. There were pallets on the floor; a table; a chair or two. A dirty child peered from her skirts. We were not wanted here, it was plain, but she was a squatter, with no right to refuse us. Dess and I debated the matter in low voices. The woman, the place, seemed to me preferable to the dark swamp to which we must return. But the wind was freshening from the west. Even now, hyacinths were piling in behind us.

Dess said, "I'd rather sleep with a moccasin over each shoulder than get caught in a hyacinth block."

We swung about to turn back up the river. As we pushed away, the child dropped to the doorsill and began to pat his hands together. He chanted with shrill delight, "They're going away! They're going away!" I wondered what life had done to this woman and this child, that, among a friendly fisherfolk, they should know such fear and hate of strangers.

When the sun dropped behind the scrub, swamp and river were in darkness. At twilight we had retraced several miles. When we landed at the only promising opening, we found a comfortable square of high ground. As we were making camp three fishermen hailed us excitedly. Were we the women who had put in at Fort Christmas nearly a week before? If so, they must know. Word had been sent down the river from other fishermen to watch for us and to report our safety. The three were camped across the river from us.

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They had a trail cut into the swamp to a spot of sound dry earth. Their campfire flickered sociably all night.

The course for the main channel was, simply, north by east. But there was fog at daylight, and when the fog lifted a little the wind came freshly from its week-long westerly quarter. Boats twice our size had been in trouble on Lake George. Its squalls were notably dangerous. It seemed needlessly heroic to deny ourselves the comfort of the sight of land. We had no intention of hugging the safe shore, so we compromised on the west channel. We left the great channel markers behind and a gust of wind twisted our stern. There was a half hour when the haze threatened to obscure all visible shore lines. Then Drayton's Island lifted ahead.

Midway, the wind was blowing the whitecaps off the waves, but it was helpfully behind us. With both arms braced against the steering handle, Dess kept the boat headed when water that rolled like surf lifted under our stern. The propeller churned high out of the water. When it dropped again the boat lunged and slued. The distant shore seemed stationary. We passed the north point of Drayton's Island, where the main channel joined the west, with the lake boiling after us. At the first sheltered dock we stopped to rest and an old Negro gave us fresh drinking water. We had been some two and a half hours in crossing the lake.

The river resumed its broad quiet way as though it had left no tumult behind it. It had the dignity of age and was not now in that dark hurry to reach the sea. At Welaka, one afternoon, we left the hyacinths swirling leisurely and turned up our home river, the Ocklawaha. I thought, in a panic, I shall never be happy on the land again. I was afraid once more of all the painful circumstance of living.

But when the dry ground was under us, the world no longer fluid, I found a forgotten loveliness in all the things that have nothing to do with men. Beauty is pervasive and fills, like perfume, more than the object that contains it. Because I had known intimately, a river, the earth pulsed under me. Oleanders were sweet past bearing, and my own shabby fields, weed-tangled, were newly dear. I knew, for a moment, that the only nightmare is the masochistic human mind.

Ozark Anthology

By Gabriel F. Newburger

THE territory known to Americans as the Louisiana Purchase was deeded by France to Spain in 1762. Thirty-eight years later it was returned to France. Three years afterward it was sold to the United States.

An area of some fifty thousand square miles included in this transfer is known as the Ozark Country; two-thirds of which is in central and southern Missouri, about one-third in northern Arkansas, with small areas jutting into southern Illinois and northeastern Oklahoma.

The region derives its name from Aux Arcs (to the bows), a French trading post and fort on the Arkansas River. In simple English phonetics this became the Ozarks.

The first migration to trans-Mississippi territory occurred in 1788; a colony was founded at what is now New Madrid, Missouri. Later settlements were established at Saint Genevieve, Cape Girardeau, and some points farther inland; but it was not until 1820 that migration to the Ozark Country assumed a concerted trend.

Down the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers to the Arkansas, then up the White and Neosho Rivers came Tennesseeans, Virginians, and Kentuckians; first settling on the banks of the rivers, then penetrating farther inland, bringing to this primordial though none the less beautiful land little, other than their dauntlessness, crude customs, and a quaint colloquialism.

One hundred years later the descendants of these simple yet hardy folk still found contentment in an isolation that gave some assurance of freedom from interference and a lessening of serious responsibilities.

In writing these sketches I have had but two objectives, namely, to portray the psychology and preserve some traditions of this little-known group of American society. As to the idiom employed, difficult though the reader at times may find it, I could discover no other medium wherewith to reveal the emotions and philosophy of these primitive souls. The selections below are taken from a larger group showing the trend of thought of these primitive people from 1865 to 1917.

GUVMINT

Bud's fell out wuth th' guvmint.

Heppenso one o' thim polecats diskivered
whur-et Bud war a stillin'.

Bud said, He seed thet skunk kim a snoopin'
from yonderways furder thin a mile, en smelt
him a goin' still furder.

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Bud declarin', now he hedst to move thet still
som'ers, en thar hain't ary tothir spring whut
hain't tookin fer stillin' this side o' th' ridge.
Claimin', effen thet goddam guvmint hedst on'y
got hissef in range, Bud mought hev stayed right
thar a stillin', cl'ar t' th' time us elictid
a Dimicrat Prisidint.
Bud a sayin', from now to iver he warst agin ary
Guvmint, whut's snoopin' warnt didst
by th' Dimicrats.

Him a snortin', whut th' hell hev us got a
guvmint fer?
Hit's th' on'y thing us hill folks hain't
a needin'.

D. A. R.

Jim war tellin', Thet he hyarn hit
guv out, thet thim Amurican
Rivolutin weemin beck yander,
's a aimin' to start thim
a Amurican Darters Rivolutin
fer to be runnin' th' kintry wuth.
Him a claimin' thet no-un cudst
jine 'thoutst thur Granpaps fit
agin thursefs arter us Dimicrats
whupped th' English.

Bud a sayin',
Thim idees is reedic'lus.
Down hyar us keeps our weemin a
raisin' young-uns sosen to keep
thim from meddlin'.
Beck yander they keeps from havin'
young-uns sosen to raise somethin' else
to meddle wuth.
Thim darters whut hain't peetriots air still
a raisin' famblys,
Thim whut air peetriots hain't a raisin'
nothin' but hell.

Hit's shore a quar kintry.

DEEVOSE

Nope, us down hyar hain't favorin'
deevosemint.
Hit's onchristian, onlawrful, en a
mought mortifyin'.

Effen thim wimmin o' ourn gits paist
toleratin', us min capers 'roun' tilst
us gits us a tothir.

Mawry agin?
Shucks no!
Deevosemints air two dollars.
Mawryin' agin, a dollar ixtry.
Thim whut's tried it says, Figgerin' hit
down clost, thar hain't thet much differ
twixt ary two they iver tuck up wuth.

Hit's a heap handier jist a leavin' thim.
Thar hain't no Sciptur agin hit, hit hain't
agin no law, en hit don't cost nothin'.

SINNIN'

Aunty Minty warst a frettin' agin S'manthy
Giddins.
Thet Giddins gal's hed her two young-uns, en
hain't niver been spliced none.

Aunty Minty sayin', Law sakes!
Thar hain't no-un kin tell whut wimmin air
kimmin' to nowadays.
Aforen ary-un knowedst hit, this kintry
wudst be cluttered up with Mammys, 'thoutst
hafe enough Pappys to be goin' aroun'.
Thar oughtst be a law agin hit hyar on y'arth
same ez they air in Heaven.
Hully Writ warst full o' warnin' agin bornin'
young-uns outen wedlock,
en thim scan'lous ways o' goin' on.

Bud declarin', Thar hain't no bastard-borned
young-uns.
They don't git thetaway ontil arter they's
full growed, a tookin' to th' guvmint trade,
or jinin' some othir snoopy houtfit thet's
allus a meddlin' agin th' Dimicrats.

Jim a chirpin', Bud, I'm fer ye.

SPARKIN'

Bud Wyant kim over to we-uns a sparkin'
my sis Kit.
They war crackin' hickry nuts en sayin'
fool things.

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I heerd Bud say, Kit, you hain't niver
yit guv me ary a kiss.
Kit a titterin', I hain't larnt how yit,
en whut's more they's no-un roun' hyar
stout 'nough to larn me.

Bud declarin', Kit, yo're shore full o'
sass en grits; I could jis' nat'ral eat yo' up.
She said, Bud, yo' hain't hongerin' none fer
no sass ner grits; what yo're a y'arnin' fer
is mush, en they hain't none of thet goin'
to be sarved hyar this evenin'.

Thim two jis' don't seem to hit it up
tigither.
Ma sez, Kit's ixtry smart.
Declarin', Effen Kit hedst been a man, she'd
a shore made a slick hoss trader.

UNCLE TOBE

My Uncle Tobe hed a hankerin'
fer his licker.
I seed th' time he cudst dreen a pint
et one swallowerin'.

Whin he war sixty, he sez to me,
Boy, yo' let licker alone.
Hit's pizen en a abomination.
Whin yo're a fightin' yo' think yo're
a army.
Whin yo're a prayin', yo' think yo're
anointid.
Whin yo're a sparkin' yo' hain't
thinkin' et all.
En whin thar's work to be did,
hit's middlin' impeedin'.

Hit's pizen, boy, let hit alone.
Leastwise till arter yo're sixty.
No mind how frivilin'
Yore intintions air arter thet,
Yo' hain't n'ar so juberous
A goin' et hit.

DARIN' EN' DOIN'

Us all wint to Wyants's fer Gramma's buthday.
Whin we got thar, Gramma war a sittin' out in th' sun.
Bud war standin' by her a strokin' her ha'r.

Whin Kit kim up en seed em, she said, Bud Wyant, thar you air agin, foolin' wuth othir wimmin; yo' shorely cain't be trusted no time.

Bud jis' drapped his hands offen his Granny, thrun em aroun' Kit, en guv her a kiss smack on her lips, aforen iverybody.

Kit tored herself loose, guv Bud a shove, sayin', Yo' ornery good fer nuthin' scoun'ril, how dast you tookin a'vantage on a difinceless gal thetaway; nixt time you try thet on me, I'll make yore face looken wussen thin effen yo'd been havin' a bresh wuth a passil o' catymounts.

Gramma said, Tut, tut, gal, all min folks air thetaway, no mind how innercent they's pretindin'. *Effen they hain't full o' darin' en doin', whut's a wooman a needin' thim fer?*

THE SABBATH DAY

Uv a Sunday arter th' preacherin', Jim
en Uncle Tobe got a talkin' hoss tradin'.
Jim a claimin' he warn't ixtry good et th' hoss
tradin' business.

Uncle Tobe 'llowed, 'twar blaspheemy to
do ary tradin' uv a Sunday.
'Twar abomination, en ferninst Hully
Script.

Jim said, Wal, Uncle Tobe, ef hit warn't
th' Lord's Day, how mought yo'-all be tradin'
thet sorrel of yorn fer my roan?

Uncle Tobe a vowin', thet Sunday warst a
day o' rest. Thet gamblin' er tradin' war th'
sinfullest things ary a one cudst be doin'
on the Sabbath day.

Thin Jim says, I hain't a talkin' Sunday tradin',
Uncle Tobe, I'm a talkin' week-day swappin'.
Now ef 'twar on a Chooseday, Uncle Tobe,
how mought yo'-all be a tradin'?

Uncle Tobe said, Wall, ef so be 'twar on a
Chooseday, he mought be a swappin' hoss fer
hoss, effen Jim thrun him in three fair to
middlin' size shoats.
Jim a sayin', Make hit two, Uncle Tobe, en
us-all 'll swap.

I hain't heern how hit kim out.
Howsomeiver I seed Jim saddlin' hum
Sunday on th' sorrel.

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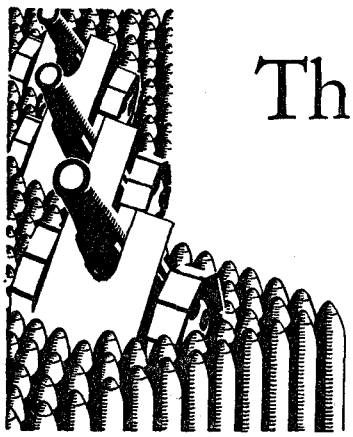
STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today



The Munitions Industry in World Affairs

By C. H. Abad

Revelations concerning the international traffic in arms and munitions.

DURING the war German soldiers fell in the battle of Skagerak before guns whose range-finding sights had been delivered in Holland six months earlier by the German firms of Zeiss and Goerz-Anschuetz; at Donaumont German soldiers found themselves entangled in barbed wire which had been exported from Germany to Switzerland only two months before; also many of the German soldiers who gave their lives in Flanders were killed by British shells set off by a Vickers fuse, based on a patent sold to this firm by the German armament firm of Krupp; Austrian soldiers were killed in Galicia by guns repaired in the steel works of the Austrian Skoda factory in St. Petersburg; English soldiers lost their lives in the Dardanelles under the fire of guns delivered to Turkey by British firms.

How is this paradox to be explained? Notwithstanding frequent denunciations the general public continues to be ignorant of the influence which the armament industry exercises in world affairs. There is a great solidarity between armament firms of different nations, a solidarity that at times takes on the characteristics of an international cartel. This relationship, formed long before the World War, did not break down during the hostilities, and still functions successfully today.

National feelings are not allowed to interfere with business interests. In 1868 the German armament firm of Krupp sent an advertising pamphlet to Napoleon III of France, which proved to be of interest to the French monarch. He accordingly instructed his secretary to extend His Majesty's "lively wishes for the success and expansion of an industry which promises to be of considerable value to mankind." The service to mankind was performed two years later, when Krupp's guns were used in the Franco-German war. According to revelations by the Catholic deputy Erzberger in the German Reichstag in 1913, Krupp had also sold a patent for cheap armor-plate production to the United States in 1902 which allowed the United States to produce armor plates at fifty cents less per piece than formerly. Later Krupp sold the patent for a shell fuse to Vickers in England, and after the war, with the aid of the German Foreign Office, he sued Vickers for the payment of one shilling per fuse on the grounds of patent rights. With a little calculation one can figure out how much Krupp might have made out of the death of every German soldier killed in France by British shells had the suit been brought to a successful conclusion. Instead, an agreement is supposed to have been reached, giving Krupp a large interest in certain steel and rolling mills in Spain which are British owned.

Krupp is not the only arms manufacturer who failed to be directed in his activities by patriotism. The English concern of Vickers supplied the Boers before 1902 with the arms with which they later fought the British soldiers. Yet Sir Basil Zaharoff, who controls the Vickers firm, has been knighted by the King of England. The French Government decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, thus expressing its appreciation for "special services." Indeed, since 1907 Sir Basil Zaharoff has been in control of the French armament firm of Schneider-Creusot, and through that concern

APOLOGY AND RETRACTION

We regret that in the article "The Children's Hour of Crime," by Arthur Mann, published in this department in the May SCRIBNER'S, *there was a misstatement of fact. The author, referring to the H-Bar-O Ranch program, stated that the part of Bobby Benson was read by an eighteen-year-old midget.*

This statement is incorrect. The part was played by Richard G. Wanamaker, twelve-year-old son of George W. Wanamaker, a prominent lawyer of Buffalo, N. Y. The fact that the program made a point of its youthful hero made the error particularly unfortunate.

It is needless to say that the editors published the article in good faith. The author obtained his information from sources which he believed reliable. We are exceedingly sorry for the error and we apologize to Richard G. Wanamaker, to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wanamaker, and to our readers.

Richard was born at Buffalo, New York, on January 4, 1921. He is the second oldest of six children and has been before the public since the age of four.

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extended his influence to the Russian Poutiloff works. The agreement stipulated that Schneider-Creusot hand over to Poutiloff plans for the French 75 mm. gun, together with the engineers and technicians necessary for its introduction. At the same time Krupp placed the experience of the German artillery at the disposal of Poutiloff, together with his experts. One may imagine what became of the secrets of armament construction in the Russian firm, where German and French engineers worked side by side.

In order to realize greater profits through a better bargaining position, German and Belgian firms between 1905 and 1907 worked under an agreement to the effect that "the traffic in arms respecting the deliveries of remodelled machine guns or carbine rifles for Russia, Japan, China, and Abyssinia will be carried on for mutual benefit, and the estimated earnings will be distributed to the various groups according to a predetermined scale. Figures and dimension tables of the desired models under production shall be handed over at cost price, or shall be lent gratis. The price of the arms to be delivered is to be at all times determined mutually by the groups."[1]

Interlocking directorates and international ownership of shares still existed in the international armament industry during the first months of the war, as is indicated by an announcement in 1915 in a German newspaper, the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt:* "Announcement of the exchange of shares of the Nobel Dynamite Trust Company, Ltd., of London against the shares of the Dynamite Actien-Gesellschaft, Germany. . . . With the consent of the two governments and contingent upon acceptance by the executive heads, [the above named companies] have agreed to the withdrawal of the German companies from the Nobel Dynamite Trust. A maximum of one million eight hundred thousand shares will be exchanged."

The severance of relations between the armament firms of hostile countries, however, did not result in a stoppage of trade between the belligerents. In 1919 the French Deputy Barthé announced in the Chamber of Deputies that France had supplied Germany during the war —via Switzerland—with bauxite and cyanamide, which Germany needed for airship construction. In exchange, also via Switzerland, Germany had sold magnetos to France. This information was confirmed in the testimony of René Viviani, who had been French Prime Minister at the time when this traffic took place. England, according to Admiral W. P. Consett, had traded with Germany through the Scandinavian countries, supplying her especially with nickel. Again, Germany in 1916 exported monthly about 150,000 tons of steel to neutral countries, and at times as much as 250,000 tons. Yet the German Commissariat was informed that an additional order of 15,000 tons for German military purposes could not be filled. It is well known that between 1914 and 1917 the United States traded in munitions with Germany as well as with the Allies, and it is believed that the trade with Germany continued after the American declaration of war.

After the cessation of hostilities the nations assembled at the peace conference made an attempt to curb the power of the armament firms. For one, Krupp was put out of business. Thereby Sir Basil Zaharoff, as the head of the Vickers-Armstrong concern, became undisputed master of the international armament business. Today this combine has factories in Canada, Ireland, Italy, Rumania, Spain, Japan, and New Zealand. It also has extensive holdings in the Dutch airplane factory Fokker and in the Societé Polonaise de Matérial de Guerre in Poland. Other firms, however, continued their international business dealings. For example, in 1928 the German firm of Loewe in Berlin furnished the necessary machinery for the establishment of a machine-gun factory near Warsaw, and the German General Electric Company (A. E. G.), in which, by the way, the American General Electric Company has an interest, furnished the power. This factory is owned partly by the Polish Government and partly by the Czechoslovakian armament factory at Skoda.[1]

The Skoda factory was an Austrian concern before the war. When, under the terms of the peace treaty, it passed into the hands of the Czechoslovakian Government it was especially stipulated that the firm was solely to serve peaceful purposes. Since then, however, it has come under the control of the Union Européene Industrielle et Financière, which is composed of the French armament firm of Schneider-Creusot and the Banque de l'Union Parisienne.[1] According to the French newspaper revelations, which were taken up in the French Chamber of Deputies, this group contributed large sums through the directors of the Skoda works to the German Hitler movement, thereby fostering an anti-French and anti-Czechoslovakian spirit. The Union is also interested in the Banque Générale de Crédit Hongrois and, through it, is alleged to support the secret arming of Hungary. In any case the Skoda factory enjoys prosperity as illustrated by the fact that dividends which amounted to 5 per cent in 1920, increased to 22 per cent in 1928 and to 28.5 per cent in 1929 and 1930.

Even Soviet Russia, through Germany, was at one time drawn into the international armament business. In 1922 a concession was given to the German airplane concern Junkers by the Russian Government for the manufacture of 229 airplanes annually, of which 60 were to go to the Russians while Germany was to receive the remainder. The agreement broke down later because of the German dissatisfaction with the rate of production in Russian plants. Similarly the agreement between the Soviet Government and a German chemical factory for the manufacture of poison gas came to an unforeseen end due to changes in the European situation. The whole arrangement, in which the German Reichswehr was implicated, was denounced in the Reichstag at the time of the poison-gas explosion in Hamburg, which raised the question of Germany's secret manufacture of war material. In that connection it was charged that Germany had exported artillery and infantry ammunition to Russia.

It is true that under the terms of the peace treaty, Germany is prohibited from manufacturing arms and ammunitions beyond her own restricted needs, but the Conference of Ambassadors limited this clause to material obviously destined for war purposes. Moreover, the statistics of the League of Nations show that Germany has a considerable export,

[1] Quoted by Deputy Erzberger in the German Reichstag in 1913.

[1] Otto Lehman-Russbueldt, *Die blutige Internationale der Ruestungsindustrie*. Hamburg-Bergedorf, 1930. English translation, *War for Profits*. New York, A. H. King, 1930. The book aroused great controversy in Germany, but the information given was never disproved.

[1] Minutes of the general meeting of the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, April 8, 1927.

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extending over the entire world. Brazil and Bolivia obtain most of their imports from Germany; and in Argentina, Chile, and Colombia German imports hold the second place. In like manner Japan, in 1930, obtained approximately 50 per cent of her arms and munitions imports from Germany. It has been claimed that these data give an erroneous impression, for in many cases the imports are listed according to the port of shipment, and they may well be Czechoslovakian arms which pass through the port of Hamburg. This explanation does not, however, account for Germany's European exports. In 1930 the Baltic states received their material almost exclusively from Germany. Of the French armament import Germany supplies 85 per cent, of the Czechoslovakian imports 29 per cent. Poland obtains most of her arms and munitions from Belgium, but Germany ranks second. In Yugoslavia, where Germany also takes second place as a source of imports with 31½ per cent, the highest imports—35 per cent—come from Austria.

Even if we bear in mind that these exports include sporting rifles and ammunitions, a total annual export of six and one half million dollars is rather large and suggests that war material export does exist.

In these exporting deals, collaboration between armament firms of different countries is carried on. According to revelations of the French deputy Paul Faure,[1] the Schneider-Creusot firm supplies the ammunition for German rifles manufactured by a firm in Leipzig, and destined for delivery to Japan. League of Nations statistics, however, show that the United Kingdom still leads in the export of arms and munitions, the United States comes next, and France is third. Italy, Sweden, and Czechoslovakia follow.

The Sino-Japanese dispute furnishes the latest example of the international traffic in arms and ammunition, which quite impartially goes to both belligerents. Thus, according to a statement in February of last year by Mr. Runcimann, president of the English Board of Trade in the House of Commons, England sent 18,375,000 francs' worth of armaments to Japan, and 5,075,000 francs' worth to China. France, supplying mostly machine-guns and tanks, considerably increased her exports to Japan in 1931 and doubled them in 1932. Germany is said to have sent chemical products to Japan, and Czechoslovakia cartridges and shells. The

United States, according to Mr. Linebarger, American adviser to the Chinese Government, participated in the traffic in war materials to Japan to the extent of $181,000,000. Undoubtedly some of the Japanese imports were re-exported to China, since the latest figures of the League of Nations show that in 1930 China obtained 90 per cent of her war material from Japan, and since, in 1931, at the time when the Japanese were bombing Chapei, Japan delivered to China several warships, the order for which had been placed prior to hostilities.

That these matters are not brought to popular attention by the daily press is undoubtedly due to the fact that armament firms frequently control newspapers and even exercise powerful influence in government departments. Several scandals prior to the war resulted in the inclusion in the St. Germain convention of a provision stipulating that no person connected in any way with a munitions factory could own or control any newspaper. This notwithstanding, the connection between newspapers and armament firms is as close today as ever. A few years ago the correspondents of *The London Times* in the European capitals of Prague, Belgrade, and Bucharest were acting at the same time as the business agents for Vickers-Armstrong. Paul Faure has revealed the fact that a director of the French *Comité des Forges*—an industrial combination dominated by Schneider-Creusot—controls not only the important party organ of the right wing, the *Journal des Débats*, but recently acquired a controlling interest in the semi-official *Temps*.

The same magnate is also one of the directors of the Bank of France. In like manner, directors of the Vickers concern have been directors of the Bank of England, and secretaries and undersecretaries in the Departments of War and the Navy. Even when the connection is not quite as direct, the armament ring knows how to influence governments and protect its interest. The Shearer scandal is the case best known in the United States. According to Mr. Shearer's own testimony before the Senate investigation committee, he was hired by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation and two other naval companies to go to the disarmament conference at Geneva, in 1927, and take care of their interests there, which, of course, meant to work against any disarmament proposal, to influence legislation by means of lobbying at Washington in support of cruiser bills pending in Congress, and to lecture before patriotic societies.

Although its name was not included in the list of companies engaged in the manufacture of war materials transmitted by the State Department, early this year, to the League of Nations, the Bethlehem Steel Company, of which the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company is a subsidiary, is the most important armament firm in the United States. It has connections with many other American companies interested in the production of war supplies. Its collaboration with foreign firms is substantiated by the exchange of patents.

It may be said with justice that the Bethlehem Steel Company is not exclusively interested in the manufacture of war materials. Steel, copper, nickel, coal, oil, and electric power are the basic materials for the production of arms and ammunition. All concerns engaged in the refining or production of these must necessarily be interested in armament production. The fact that all of these commodities are necessary to industry in time of peace constitutes one of the greatest obstacles to disarmament. The difficulty was expressed by a British general, who said of the effort made by the Allies to disarm Germany: "What do you mean by disarmament? We destroyed about 35,000 guns, confiscated several million rifles, dismantled fortifications, blew up powder factories, and put Krupp out of business. But there are three things which cannot be destroyed: man, industry, and science. . . . There is only one way to disarm a great industrial nation and that is to destroy all its industries. War has become so technical, so mechanical, that every large engineering centre is a potential arsenal. A

[1] February 11, 1932. Paul Faure is deputy for the district in which the Schneider-Creusot firms are located. He was defeated at the subsequent election, most likely as a result of his startling revelations.

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factory that makes printing presses, cylinders, or propellers can at a moment's notice be converted into a shell factory." In like manner any silk factory can be used for the production of dynamite, and dyestuff factories can turn out all the material necessary for chemical warfare.

Nevertheless it would be only the great industrial nations such as France, Germany, Russia, Japan, and the United States which would have the necessary resources within their borders to go to war. Even in those nations the war threat would be reduced if the armament industry were nationalized. It has been claimed that because of the dual character of modern large-scale industry, complete control of manufacture and sale of arms would be impossible, since nationalization of the armament industry would lead to nationalization of all key industries. Nevertheless, the Scandinavian countries have recently given serious consideration to the nationalization of their armament concerns. Since most authorities believe that under the present capitalist system no nation is rich enough to invest the huge capital necessary in the armament industry, it follows that, for reasons of economy, nationalization, if adopted by many governments, would undoubtedly diminish the hazards of war.

This view is combatted by military circles in every country on the theory that the nation which is best prepared and able to strike first has the greatest chance of winning the war, a contention which the German experience during the World War proved to be incorrect. To insure industrial preparedness the American War Department has resorted to the so-called educational orders. This means that small orders at a relatively high cost are placed with certain factories from time to time so as to make sure that the machinery necessary for the war production of military supplies is kept in condition. It is claimed that this practice will eliminate a delay of some three to four months in the conversion of certain industries to war-time requirements. Thus, under the terms of the National Defense Act, 14,000 key industrialists in this country are enrolled in the reserve forces of the United States Army, and arrangement has been made with 261 factories for their complete utilization for army purposes in the event of war.

The same argument of preparedness is advanced in favor of the traffic in arms, for only when the munition factories are allowed to export can their production be kept up to war-time capacity. In a hearing of the House Foreign Affairs Committee it was argued that a reduction in the export of war airplanes would reduce the profits of the industry, would increase the cost of production, and finally result in a higher cost of national defense.

As a matter of fact, if it were not for the traffic in arms most nations would be disarmed, for few have the complete industrial outfit necessary for modern warfare. Moreover, because of the great cost, small nations and under-developed territories could hardly afford to set up armament factories of their own, and since most recent wars started in the smaller countries the abolition of the traffic would tend to lessen the chances for an outbreak of hostilities. It was an attempt to react against the desire for profit which made a committee of the Washington conference in 1921–22 propose that "the private manufacture of ammunitions of war should be so regulated by each State as to remove the danger of provoking hostilities for commercial profit."

Senator Capper in the United States attempted to solve the problem on a national basis by proposing a general embargo on arms to any belligerent. Early this year the same request was put before Congress by President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson, and the Roosevelt administration has adopted the same stand. Nevertheless, no decisive action has been taken as yet. The armament interests can be counted upon to fight hard. It is therefore all the more imperative to tackle the problem at the root of the evil by eliminating the incentive for armament production, by abolishing profits in times of war.

The idea is not a new one. France has come out officially and energetically for the elimination of all private profit in armament, and Spain and Denmark have completely backed her stand. In the United States a proposal to the same effect made before the War Policies Commission, was regarded as revolutionary, and was opposed even by the American Legion and by the American Federation of Labor. This is a striking indication of the extent to which armament interests have been able by propaganda to mold the attitudes even of those who fought on the battlefields. Only when the public knows and understands the facts can it be expected to take steps for smashing the nefarious power of the international armament interests.

What Is Education For?

By Albert Guérard

Education and the art of living with some examples from Honolulu.

EDUCATION is the hitching-star of our democratic wagon. Just at present, the wagon is not riding very smoothly, and we are beginning to wonder whether the star may not be at fault. As an educator, I steadfastly thought that the sole remedy for all our ills was more education. In just the same way, the Governor of Utah believes that free silver would do the trick: we each have wares to sell. It was a brief sojourn in Honolulu that shook my faith. Is a "democratic" education good democracy? Is a "practical" education good business? If they are not, is there any other way open?

I shall borrow my basic illustration from the Island: but it is of America as a whole that I am thinking. In that delightful microcosm of the mid-Pacific, problems are more sharply defined than in our loose unwieldy society at home. This completeness on a miniature scale is the most fascinating point about all islands. Continents, in comparison, are stupidly massive. If I had to fashion the world anew, I should smash the big heavy lumps like Asia and America into

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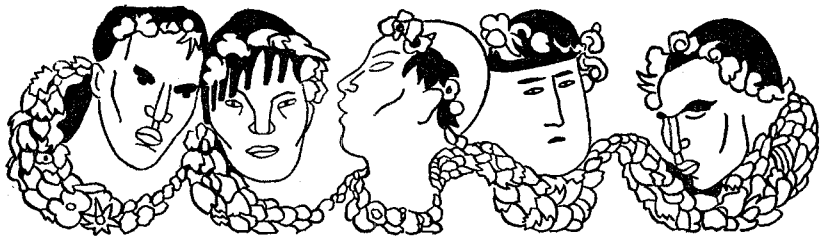

myriads of jewelled little countries, each with a physiognomy of its own, scattered over the ocean's dreary waste. Utopia was an island, and we all dream, like Sancho Panza, of ruling our individual Barataria.

In the Hawaiian Islands, it has been our policy to spread education with a most liberal hand. It is very much the same kind of education as on the mainland; and its results, so far, have been most gratifying. The children of all the races meet in the schoolroom and the playground; they compete on equal terms, they acquire the same principles, they are imbued with the same loyalty. The pedagogical melting pot does melt. A Japanese boy in the McKinley High School is closer in thought (and in manners, alas!) to his American schoolfellows than to his Asiatic ancestors: the one real "Japanese peril"—a transitory one—is that very breach between the generations. When I was there, a Korean was elected president of the student body in a high school where the Japanese had a clear majority: this is almost as striking an example of freedom from prejudice as if Southern whites were to choose a Negro as their leader, or Irish Catholics an Orangeman. All this is most comforting: education does educate, after all.

But the best friends of Hawaii are not fully reassured. The result of universal education, they contend, is to create a "white collar proletariat." This ineluctable process was veiled for a while. Assimilation, at first, was slow; the trade of the Islands was expanding by leaps and bounds; new races could be brought in to fill the space at the bottom. But we are nearing stabilization, and the danger can no longer be denied. A boy who has gone through high school will not serve as a coolie on the plantations. As soon as one race becomes sophisticated enough in our western ways, it goes on strike so far as agricultural labor is concerned. The whites will not till the soil with their own hands; the Hawaiians prefer government jobs; the Chinese have all gone into business; the Japanese are fast abandoning the fields; the same process has affected the Portuguese and the Porto Ricans. Of recent years, the Filipinos have been pouring in. What is going to happen when they, in their turn, invade the high schools and the university?

In that lovely, compact little world, it has already become evident that there is no ever-expanding room at the top. The Islands can not support 400,000 white collars, much as the prospect would please the manufacturers of Troy, N. Y. The vast majority must be manual laborers; skilled artisans, in comparison, will remain very few; those engaged in commerce, fewer still; the professional element, infinitesimal. There are not enough office jobs for all who qualify. The schools are preparing our Hawaiian friends for a pitiless competition in which nine-tenths of them are doomed to defeat.

The same conditions, more or less acute, prevail in most colonies, in British India, in the Dutch East Indies, in French Indochina; and Hendrik van Loon counted as one of "the seven blunders of the world" the dissemination of western knowledge among the natives. But the danger exists in the White Man's own countries, nay, in God's own country. As in Hawaii, we could remain unconscious of the peril for many years. Prosperity increased even faster than education could spread. There was a constantly renewed proletariat of immigrants. Whatever job the Yankee stock would no longer do was turned over to the Irish; by the Irish, as they rose in the scale, to the Italians; by the Italians to the "Polacks." In the South, negro labor could be relied upon—after a fashion; and the Negroes are beginning to shift the burden onto the Mexicans. Each race in its turn takes to heart "the promise of American life," which consists in letting some one else do the dirty work.

Europe, until recently, was privileged: the lower classes "knew their place" and "did not presume." They still know their place: but they are no longer satisfied that it should be at the bottom. I may go further: I venture to predict that even Soviet Russia will have to face the same difficulty, when her enormous lag in technical and professional education has been eliminated. It may take two or three generations: but it is as inevitable, in the long run, as Malthus's gloomy prophecy about population.

Democracy, so far, has offered to all men the kind of education that is fit only for leaders. Leaders are few: with the inevitable standardization of the machine age, they are, in proportion, growing fewer still. In my own line of business, I may have to compete, in my declining years, with the radio instructor from New York or the talkie lecturer from Hollywood. Professors will compare notes, in Salvation Army shelters, with the musicians and actors that the progress of modern technique has thrown into the discard. Who knows? It might be best for our souls.

What is to be done? In colonies, in conservative countries like France, in our own South, you may hear the simplest remedy frankly advocated: arrest popular education. But I doubt whether there is any part of the world in which such a policy is still feasible. Napoleon scuttled the fine schemes of the Revolution for a system of common schools, and devoted all his efforts to the *lycées* and colleges of the bourgeoisie. But that was a hundred and twenty-five years ago: even a Napoleon could not take such a backward step today. The "lower classes" are awake; and they have defenders among the privileged few.

In Hawaii, it has been openly proposed to restrict secondary education. But this could hardly be done without evoking the demon of race discrimination. We can scarcely imagine American citizens of "Caucasian" stock meekly accepting that their children be kept out of high school, whilst others, of "Mongolian" origin, were admitted. And if we should load the dice too flagrantly in favor of our own kin, the finest experiment in racial democracy ever attempted would perish.

The Hawaiian situation is only a clearer symbol of our own. If we restricted admission to the public school by means of rigid competitive examinations, the rejected sons of the rich would

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simply flock to private institutions. Middle class parents would follow suit: they would rather bleed themselves white than see their children deprived of the best possible chance. Thus not "merit" alone would prevail, but "merit" and plutocracy would divide the honors, as they do in England and France: with the lion's share going to plutocracy. Logically, we should then be driven to the suppression of all private schools, as the Radicals are proposing in France. Even tutoring at home would be under the ban, and bootleggers of culture would be harried by federal agents. This way madness lies: our latter state would be worse than the first.

Just as the evil had become clear to me in Honolulu, so did the cure. It came to my mind as I saw a scavenger with a lovely *lei* round his hat. It may sound paradoxical, Utopian, straight *News from Nowhere:* it consists in making *not business, and not even science, but art,* the centre of education.

Let us clear, first of all, a couple of misconceptions. Of course, by art, we do not mean erudition about art. It is not vital to the welfare of the proletariat that they should be able to point differences between a Memling and a Metsys, or to tell off-hand whether Botticelli is a wine, a cheese or a dictator. Neither am I advocating the training of all men for art as a career. In art even more than in business, many are called and few are chosen. I do not suggest that the poor should eke out a scanty living by taking in each other's paintings. By art I do not mean the shibboleths, the technical tricks, the elaborate marketing methods that have to be mastered by professionals: I mean conscious and disinterested enjoyment in self-expression.

Of art in that sense, every race, even the most primitive, every class, even the most downtrodden, is capable in some degree. It may be in the form of sports —between the spirit of sport and the spirit of art there is but little difference; it may be in the form of home-crafts: cooking, weaving, gardening, furniture-making; it may be as the folk-dance, the folk-song, the pageant, the drama. In all cases, it means joy in achievement. And that joy, free from the economic taint, is not possessive, not exclusive, but open to all.

With the three R's—nay, even before the three R's—I would teach the children to play, to sing, to dance, to draw. I would encourage them to tell their own stories, to compose their own songs. This is literally *education,* drawing out the best there is in them.

Preposterous? Do not condemn too hastily. This is precisely what some French administrators at any rate are attempting to do in Morocco, in West Africa, in Madagascar; what enlightened Mexicans are striving for with their Indian population: to save, to revive the native arts and crafts; and, through the arts and crafts, to save, to revive the pride and joy of the natives in their own lives.

"But our masses are not *natives!*" Alas! I know it too well; the artistic instinct has been crushed out of them by a heavier load. They have been taught to recognize as art only the elaborate works of the very few for the very few. They have lost the sense of an art of, by, and for the people. It may be difficult to rekindle their creative power. But it is worth attempting.

Let us make artists first of all. Let us not head everybody toward science. Those children who display the right propensities will be given their chance: but remember that the world needs a small staff of highly gifted and highly trained investigators, not a mob of half-educated pseudo-scientists. Let us not point exclusively toward the trades: the technique of most business careers is best learned through actual apprenticeship rather than through schooling. There may be at any moment a surplus of engineers, realtors or lawyers: there can never be an excess of men who know how to enjoy. Strait is the gate to material wealth: a hundred will be crushed for one who squeezes through. But the enrichment of life through art, like salvation, is freely offered to all.

Art requires no riches: it can find satisfaction in the flowers of the fields, or in the voice of a child, as fully as in gold and rubies. What art demands is *freedom of the spirit,* and *leisure.* Freedom should be the gift of the schools. A liberal education means a liberating education: freedom from prejudices and pedantries, freedom from inhibitions and degrading fears. Leisure we already have, and do not know how to use. Leisure, if we knew how to fill it, would be the greatest of luxuries: and now we dread it as a curse. We have today an enormous mass of ill-distributed leisure, and call it unemployment. With the elimination of waste, with technical progress in production and distribution, leisure will inevitably increase. What shall we do with it?

Imagine the world as it might very well be tomorrow, according to conservative economists: a world in which three hours of work would suffice to sustain decent living. Should our education be directed mainly to the preparation for those three hours? But in most cases the tricks of the trade can be mastered in the shop itself. Or should we prepare for the thirteen waking hours that remain? Should we not learn to give every activity its highest value; to dress, to talk, to play, to sing, *with pleasure?* To make the simplest things of home a mode of self-expression and a delight? Symbolically at least, to wear a *lei* even when sweeping the street? Should we not reduce the crushing load of armaments for "the battle of life," and give our best thought to the art of living?

Next month — Ernest Boyd assays the views of the anti-Semitic agitation expressed by Robert Nathan (in SCRIBNER'S *for June) and Ludwig Lewisohn (in a number of places) and presents a Gentile's view. Other "Straws": "Science's New Certainty," by George W. Gray; "What About World Revolution," by Louis Fischer, Russian correspondent — an important statement of Soviet policy.*

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AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps

Exciting biography and lots of it . . . Savagery preferred . . . Tragedy of typographical errors . . . List of best plays 1932-33 . . . Honorary degrees 1934. . . .

THE eleventh volume of the admirable "Dictionary of American Biography" is one of the most valuable and the most exciting; within the two boundaries—*Larned* and *MacCracken*—there are four puissant names, LEE, LINCOLN, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL; Lee has 17 columns, Lincoln 35, Longfellow 9, Lowell 13.

Time, which erases so many reputations, has strengthened those of Lee and Lincoln; they are permanent world-figures. The two men of letters have not fared so well. They have nothing like the reputation they enjoyed while living; there is grave danger that their fame will fall as far below their merit as it once stood above it. The articles on them are written by men who seem well aware of this depreciation; and the appraisals given seem both just and sympathetic. Longfellow's "sweetness and purity" are rather exaggerated, I think; he was a man as well as a gentleman. I have a manuscript letter written by him while at Bowdoin that would rather astonish those who hold the purely conventional view of his temperament. The greatest self-control of men and the most exquisite delicacy in the manners and appearance of women, never eliminate fundamental qualities. Male and female created He them.

Although when we think of LEE we think of Robert, there are many who have added lustre to the name. In this volume there are thirty-two Lees.

I suppose it is natural that in a Dictionary of National Biography, statesmen and soldiers monopolize space; I should like to see greater attention paid to writers. Vachel Lindsay deserves more than two and a half columns. The best of his poems have the principle of life. . . . Boys and girls who went to school fifty years ago will remember the names of Elias Loomis and Benson J. Lossing. Charles H. Levermore will be recalled as the man who won the $50,000 peace prize offered by the late Edward W. Bok. It is pleasant to see athletics recognized in William A. Larned, one of the most remarkable of the great players of lawn tennis. Authors who receive adequate treatment are Jack London and Amy Lowell. The name of William Gordon McCabe of Virginia brings to mind one of the best story-tellers of his day. It should also not be forgotten that he induced Tennyson to smoke Bull Durham.

Look over the following list of names in this volume and see how many you immediately recognize:

La Salle, Mary A. Lathbury, G. P. Lathrop, Latrobe (12 columns), Henry Laurens, Thomas W. Lawson, Emma Lazarus, Henry C. Lea, Joseph LeConte, Charles Lee, Fitzhugh Lee, Henry Lee, Richard Henry Lee, Charles G. Leland, William J. LeMoyne, L'Enfant (8 columns), Mrs. Lennox, Eliza Leslie, Frank Leslie, Alfred H. Lewis, Charles B. Lewis (M. Quad), James Lewis, Meriwether Lewis (6 columns), Clarence Lexow, James Lick, Francis Lieber (5 columns), Charles Augustus Lindbergh (died 1924), William J. Linton, J. B. Lippincott, Mary A. R. Livermore, Edward Livingston (over 7 columns), Philip Livingston, Robert R. Livingston (9 columns), George Cabot Lodge, Jacques Loeb (7 columns), Marcus Loew, John A. Logan, Meyer London, C. W. Long, John D. Long, John L. Long, James Longstreet, Nicholas Longworth, Charles B. Loomis, John Lord, Pierre Lorillard, George C. Lorimer, Charles M. Loring, Daniel Lothrop, T. R. Lounsbury, Elijah P. Lovejoy, Seth Low, Percival Lowell, Mary Lyon, Matthew Lyon, Nathaniel Lyon, Hamilton W. Mabie, Jeremiah McAuley, Charles McBurney, Samuel W. McCall, George B. McClellan (8 columns), A. C. McClurg, Anson G. McCook, Cyrus H. McCormick, Joseph Medill McCormick, James McCosh, Henry M. MacCracken.

Leonard Bacon, one of our leading American poets, who has something of Byron's "tempest anger, tempest mirth," gives us the fruit of some years' residence in Italy in an ironical, narrative poem, "The Furioso," dealing with Eleanora Duse and D'Annunzio. This is the nearest approach to Byron's "Don Juan." In purple passages, in scathing wit, in sparkling humor, in clear self-valuation, in the philosophy of human nature, and in ingenuity of the unexpected rhyme, this poem of nearly 250 pages will make the judicious laugh. It is a good story, and more entertaining than if it had been told in prose.

A book of poems also dealing largely with Italy, is "All My Youth," by Fredericka Blankner, Professor of Italian at Vassar College. Although one hundred per cent American, she looks more like an Italian than Romola. These are short poems and songs, full of emotion, romance, and reverence.

"Poems," by Berenice Dewey, I can recommend without qualification to all who love *metrical wit*. These verses,

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most of which were contributed to F. P. A.'s column in *The New York Herald Tribune,* are admirable in their brilliance of matter and manner; to read them is a continual delight. It is rare indeed to find Nature to such advantage dressed. This is an ideal volume to read aloud in a circle of people who are worthy to hear it. It is not a book to be borrowed; it must be bought; for all who read it will wish to own it. The excellent prefatory note by F. P. A. is a beautiful tribute; and the early death of the poet adds one more instance to Life's Enormous Ironies.

A book at once both scholarly and exciting is "War out of Niagara" by Howard Swiggett. This is a piece of historical research on some American characters in the Revolutionary War, and is a successful attempt to rescue the character and personality of Walter Butler from unmerited obloquy. Many letters are printed for the first time, and the whole book gives an accurate picture of Loyalists and Revolutionists in the years 1775–1783. The real heresy-hunters were then, as they were yesterday, and will be tomorrow, the orthodox conformists to the majority political party. General Grant was sorry that our country entered the Mexican War, but he was sorrier for those Americans who refused to take part in it. It is all nonsense to swell one's chest, strut, and talk about *religious* liberty—a matter of no moment to the crowd—and then to grant no liberty in Nationalism. Mr. Swiggett has written a lively and delightful book; and the introduction by John Buchan is just as good as the promise of his name. Mr. Swiggett has a sense of humor which does not fail him on his *own* name—when he was researching in the New York Public Library, he lifted up his eyes and saw at the same table Doctor A. C. Flick and Professor Pottle of Yale.

Though I felt more the merchant and less the student in the presence of such scholars I could not but reflect that not even Dickens himself had ever invented, or assembled at the same board, such a trio of names as Pottle, Flick, and Swiggett.

A new English translation of "Peer Gynt" is by Gottfried Hult, and has a foreword and critical notes, which it assuredly needs. This is cleverly done, and I think makes the original more interesting than any other English version I have seen. On the stage "Peer Gynt" is one of the most horrible bores on record; I also had the misfortune to see it in the motion pictures.

"Mandoa, Mandoa! A Comedy of Irrelevance" is an extremely mature novel by Winifred Holtby—an ironical comparison of savagery in Africa with so-called civilization in England. The characters, both black and white, are individualized; the narrative has sufficient interest to hold the reader's attention; the author's philosophy is persuasive rather than intrusive. I wonder if the picture of Felicity Cardover, the English society girl, is realistic. If so, society has overcome one fault. We used to hear that it was hardly fair for men of easy morals to hold a place in society, while one slip eliminated a woman. According to this book and some other English novels I have read, an English girl today may be far more corrupt than a whore, and boast of it, and yet be received everywhere in what is called polite society. Felicity is a complete degenerate, but is intended to be repulsive only to savages. The fault I find with this novel is its over-sophistication. I don't especially dislike sophistication *per se;* it is the inference a reader is bound to draw of the author's complacency and conceit.

To all who are interested in British political history (and to me it is the most interesting political history since Pericles the Athenian and Julius Cæsar the Roman), I recommend the "Life of Joseph Chamberlain," by J. L. Garvin. The first two volumes cover the period when there were a larger number of first-rate men in Parliament than at any other time.

An extremely useful and well-arranged manual is "The Book of Opportunities," with the supplementary title "A Dictionary of Jobs: Personal Sidelights on 3500 American Occupations." This, which now appears in a revised edition, is by Rutherford Platt. It is a handy, well-printed volume of nearly 500 pages, with a complete index; and the classification of the material is foolproof. A list of reading is appended to every chief occupation. About 3000 occupations are arranged alphabetically, and there is a place in the book for every form of human talent; the advice given will help every one to find a place for himself. This is an original plan, and I cannot praise too highly the way it is carried out.

Doctor C. H. Ward is not only one of the foremost living authorities on the correct use of English; he is one of those unusual individuals who can write on grammar and syntax with compelling charm. This new book is a Grammatical *Thriller.* It is humbly called "Grammar for Composition," and while intended for school use, every one ambitious to speak and write more correctly will find it a good friend. How often have I seen the statement that American schools and universities should "teach all their students to write and speak the English language correctly"! It would be nearer the range of achievement to say that every business college should teach all its pupils to become millionaires. There is not a single graduate of any university or a single Professor of English who can speak and write the English language with absolute accuracy; listen to an extempore speech or read almost anything.

Those who like yachting or cruising or merely sailing will enjoy prodigiously "Little Ships" by John Scott Hughes, with admirable illustrations by Frank Mason, R. I. As it is hardly possible for many of us to take a voyage with the author—much as I should like to—the next best thing is to have his company through the pages of this all-too-brief volume. He knows the sea, he knows little ships, and he knows how to tell scores of good stories.

Those who think it easy to avoid typographical errors in publications, provided real attention is paid to the matter, should read the following letter sent me by Frank Bergen, the distinguished lawyer and publicist of New Jersey:

Several years ago I prepared a brief of about thirty-five pages which I desired to have perfect, both in its legal statements and in print. I read the proof myself, and requested the printer to send another proof on the following morning, which he did. Thereupon, I stated to

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the operatives in the typing room that I would give 25 cents for every error that they found in the second proof. Within an hour they pointed out sixty-four, and I paid them $16.00. Shortly after, I handed the brief to two girls stationed in the ante-room to announce visitors and run errands, and offered them $1.00 for every additional error they might find in the proof. They pointed out ten. I paid the money, and made no further effort to eliminate errors from the printing.

Railway time-tables seem to be immaculate; also the Authorized Version of the Bible, and the Prayer Book.

As an example of particularly unsuccessful proof-reading, let me call attention to "People Worth Talking About," by Cosmo Hamilton. This attractive and attractively illustrated volume is composed of informal and agreeable radio talks about contemporary writers. If it should ever reach another edition, some one should read the proofs. But it is pleasant to see the author pay a compliment to Gertrude Atherton. He salutes her as

a great American writer, one for whose varied and vivid work I have admiration and respect, one who is as famous for her wit and charm in London and in Paris as in San Francisco and New York.

While typographical errors are being corrected, more serious ones (See Chapter *on Browning*) should receive attention.

As, when these lines appear in print, the new theatrical season in New York will be opening, I take this opportunity to make a list of the plays I most enjoyed in 1932–33. It was a bad season commercially but not artistically. The prolonged visits of the Abbey Theatre Players from Dublin lent distinction. Here is the list of good performances, in the order in which I saw them:

The New Gossoon.
Juno and the Paycock.
The Playboy of the Western World.
Things that are Cæsar's.
When Ladies Meet.
The Good Earth.
Men Must Fight.
Clear All Wires.
Roxane (music version of Cyrano).
Dinner at Eight.
The Late Christopher Bean.
Biography.
Walter Hampden in Cyrano.
Criminal At Large.
Success Story.
Another Language.
Alice in Wonderland.
Pigeons and People.
The Cherry Orchard.
Alien Corn.
Both Your Houses.
Twentieth Century.
Goodbye Again.
Yale Puppeteers.
Lillian Gish in Nine Pine Street.
Walter Hampden in Hamlet.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.

I cannot call a season a failure when it provided me with so many admirable performances; the Yale University Dramatic Association gave a magnificent production of "Much Ado," but in the review of the season I am confining myself to professionals.

As universities will open the autumn term this month, and their Faculty committees will soon begin to consider men and women on whom to bestow honorary degrees next June, I submit the following list, which would reflect credit on any "institution of learning" and would add to the excitement of Commencements.

Franklin P. Adams. Poet, critic, columnist of impeccable taste. He has done more to preserve correctness of language than many professional teachers.

Walter Hampden, Otis Skinner, Lillian Gish, Eva Le Gallienne, Ina Claire, Katharine Cornell, Maude Adams, Alla Nazimova, George Arliss, Leslie Howard, as abstract and brief chronicles.

George M. Cohan, Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, Susan Glaspell, Rachel Crothers, George Kaufman, Edna Ferber, as playwrights.

Daniel Frohman, the great producer, the great gentleman, the great example.

I may have other names to submit later; these will do for a beginning.

From Louis S. Moore, of Thomasville, Ga.:

"The Jovial Priests Confession," quoted by you in "As I Like It," was written in Latin by Walter Mapes and the English translation given by you is by Leigh Hunt.

I take pleasure in adding to the membership of the FAERY QUEENE CLUB the name of Miss Harriet A. P. Roth, of Hinsdale, Mass., who enjoyed the poem so much she is now looking forward to studying the new Variorum Edition, *q.v.* if you can afford it. I am also happy to include Walter Gierasch, teacher of English in the Middlesex School, Concord, Mass.

With reference to the FANO CLUB, I am profoundly grateful to Doctor Dorothea Moore, the admirable consort of the admirable Professor Ernest C. Moore, Director of Education at the University of California at Los Angeles (both these individuals are the salt of the earth), for the following interesting item from "Le Cœur de la Reine Hortense" (page 252) by Henry Bordeaux.

L'aîné, Napoléon, celui dont la Reine a été si cruellement séparée par la volonté de son mari Louis Bonaparte, est mourant de la rougeole à Forli et à tout prix elle le veut rejoindre. Elle ne le retrouvera que mort. Le récit de ce voyage angoissé, de cette traversée des Apennins, de l'arrivée à Forli ou les troupes autrichiennes peuvent surgir d'un moment à l'autre, de l'enlèvement du prince Louis par sa mère, du depart pour Ancône, fait de journal de Valerie Masuyer un émouvant roman d'aventures où rien n'est oublié de ce qui peut passionner le lecteur. Les voitures doivent s'arrêter dans un petit village du nom de *Fano*. "La maîtresse de l'auberge, jolie comme un ange, était mariée depuis trois mois et fort en peine de son jeune mari qui l'avait quittée pour aller combattre dans l'armée de Sarcognani. La Reine lui disant qu'on était tranquille de ce côté-là, elle répondit, ses beaux yeux pleins de larmes: 'Il est peut-être tranquille, mais nous ne le sommes pas.' "

The list of Canadian poets by Wilson MacDonald which I printed in the June issue of this magazine has drawn some intelligent and interesting comments.

From Geoffrey Brum, Professor of History at New York University:

. . . Probably no two critics would agree on any one list, but two omissions in this one struck me in particular. In excluding his own name Mr. MacDonald has, no doubt, allowed his modesty to triumph over his judgment, but it surprises me even more not to find the name of A. M. Stephen, the British Columbia poet, among the twenty-five mentioned. Several years have passed since "The Rosary of Pan" established Mr. Stephen's place in the forum of Canadian poets, and his later collection of verses, "The Land of Singing Waters," has rendered that place secure. Perhaps Mr. MacDonald *omitted his name through an oversight.*

From H. C. Miller, of Ottawa, Canada:

As the former president of a publishing house, I want to congratulate Wilson MacDonald on his list of Canadian poets. He should, however, have included Ethelwyn Weatherald in his list (Grade C), and his own should be decidedly, in Grade A.

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From F. H. Kirkpatrick, of Hamilton, Canada:

The classification and comparative standing of Canadian poets supplied you by the distinguished Canadian poet, Mr. Wilson MacDonald is very arresting and of great interest to Canadian literary people.

There is little doubt that unprejudiced literary judgment in Canada will agree with the appraisal with the possible exceptions of the places assigned Isabella Valaney Crawford, Doctor Drummond, and Mr. Edwin Pratt. In regard to them there may be some difference of opinion. Undoubtedly some competent authorities would regard their poetry with greater favour than is indicated in the published list. The inference is not an error or bias in judgment but a difference based upon individual preference.

May I, however, call your attention to one notable omission—the compiler of the list, Mr. Wilson MacDonald. . . . A very discerning and competent literary opinion in Canada assigns Mr. MacDonald the foremost place among Canadian poets. His poetry suggests much to qualify him as the Canadian poet par excellence—his versatility in theme and technique, his penetrating intellectuality, his intuitional reach, the magic and music of his verse, and his sincere and virile Canadianism. . . . May I presume to thank you for giving the prominent place you did to an appraisal of Canadian poetry.

Mrs. S. J. Nasmith of Vancouver, B. C., feels that the list contains some names that ought not to be there, but she chiefly objects to the omission of the name of Mr. A. M. Stephen of Vancouver. She believes that Mr. Stephen is highly regarded by a great many Canadian critics and intelligent readers.

My remarks about the use of "expect" have drawn many interesting letters; here is another, this time from W. D. Hooper, Professor of Latin in the University of Georgia.

My friend, Doctor Ware, is quite correct in his statement of Virginian usage and Southern usage generally; though we despair of receiving recognition for it—as witness the persisting myth that we employ "you all" as a singular, a thing which, I venture to assert, no Southerner, white or black, of any degree of cultivation or lack of it, ever said, even in his sleep.

However, I expect—nay, I even reckon, or cal'late, or guess (*puto, glaube, crois,* in short) —you agree with me that Senator Tydings, of Maryland, is a fair type of the cultivated American. Now, here is the documentary evidence from the pages of no less respectable, not to say prosily respectable a publication than the *Congressional Record,* of the usage prevalent in Maryland; and the evidence is the more striking, because the case occurs in a free colloquy, and not in a set address.

I expect you will have trouble explaining this!

Here are two actual answers on a Freshman exam paper in poetry, submitted to me by a college professor. He says they could not have been intended for original humor.

The Freshmen were asked to state who gave utterance to the following line —it is in the last stanza of Browning's poem, "The Laboratory." "You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth, if you will!" The Freshman's answer was, "Said by Penelope, wife of Ulysses, to Ulysses, on his return home."

The second passage is the last line of Browning's "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister." "Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r-r-r—you swine!" The answer by the same student: "Said by Marat to Charlotte Corday when she knocked on the bathroom door."

Professor Walter Prichard Eaton of Yale University is almost as outrageous in his use of puns as I am. He sends me the following dialogue that took place on the Sheffield Golf Course in Massachusetts:

Allen Buck: "I'm going to play Brae Burn, and I wonder if they'll let me drive from the back tees."

W. P. E.: "You seem to be suffering from Back-tee-ria."

NEW BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH PUBLISHERS

"Dictionary of American Biography." Vol. XI. Scribners.
"The Furioso," by Leonard Bacon. Harpers. $2.50.
"All My Youth," by Fredericka Blankner. Brentano's. $2.
"Poems," by Berenice Dewey. H. L. Ripperger, 125 W. 16 St., N. Y. $2.50.
"War out of Niagara," by Howard Swiggett. Columbia University Press. $3.50.
"Peer Gynt," tr. by Gottfried Hult. Putnam. $2.50.
"Mandoa, Mandoa!" by Winifred Holtby. Macmillan. $2.50.
"Life of Joseph Chamberlain," 2d vol., by J. L. Garvin. Macmillan. $5.
"The Book of Opportunities," by Rutherford Platt. Rev. ed. Putnams. $3.
"Grammar for Composition," by C. H. Ward. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. $2.
"Little Ships," by John S. Hughes. Dutton. $3.25.
"People Worth Talking About," by Cosmo Hamilton. McBride. $2.50.

COURAGE

By Raymond Holden

Take to your shaken heart, take to its grief
This blackness, burning with the world's decay.
Hope was the heaven of another day.
Ours shall be courage, colored with belief,
Belief in bitterness, belief in wrongs,
In enmities, improvidence and hate;
Courage to know that, such is the world's state
Love needs strong hands and weapons more than songs.

Does the heart suffer from its bravery?
Does the proud spirit ache with its fine pride,
The tired arm with its strength, the breath with catching?
Give me your heart, for you are safe with me.
Here you may rest against my vigilant side
Safe from the storm and all the demons watching.

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THOMAS ALVA EDISON

Continued from page 156

it commercially practicable also by improving the transmission of voices through the addition of the carbon transmitter. Meanwhile and incidentally he invented the mimeograph. And to cap this first period of productivity, he produced the phonograph in 1877.

Setting aside the by-play like the typewriter and the mimeograph, it is interesting to note how these inventions can be tied together to make the record, while little less astounding, a little more comprehensible than it appears at first glance. His work on the telegraph itself was, in the light of his early career, more or less inevitable. The stock-ticker and the call-boxes are obviously related to the telegraph. His telephonic adventure was also in the realm of sound reproduction and transmission and certainly was closely enough related to the problems with which he had all along been dealing to make the transition easy. Moreover, we have in the case of the phonograph his own statement that the idea occurred to him while he was working on the automatic telegraph. Thus he was working in what might be called a definite complex of related problems, and while to a less ingenious mind no such diversity of productions might have been possible, given Edison's marked ability as a contriver, the whole performance assumes an air of inevitability.

He was, when he invented the phonograph, thirty years old. During 1878 he continued to improve the phonograph and began his work on the electric light. From 1879 through 1883 he took out 334 patents or a fraction over 30 per cent of those granted him during the fifty-eight years of which we have record. In the year 1882 he reached his peak for all time with 107 patents. He was, then, at the height of his inventive ability from his thirty-second to his thirty-sixth year. The distribution of the inventions he patented over the years appears in the chart below.

PATENTS GRANTED TO THOMAS A. EDISON

(From material given in the Dyer, Martin and Meadowcroft *Life*, Vol. II, pp. 975–1008.)

1868.. 1	1872..38	1876..12
1869.. 5	1873..25	1877..20
1870.. 7	1874..15	1878..14
1871.. 8	1875..11	1879..14
1880..60	1896.. 1	1912..19
1881..89	1897..12	1913.. 4
1882.107	1898.. 9	1914.. 6
1883..64	1899..11	1915.. 2
1884..24	1900..22	1916.. 5
1885..17	1901..12	1917.. 4
1886..29	1902..20	1918.. 1
1887..19	1903..17	1919..16
1888..45	1904..18	1920.. 4
1889..27	1905..30	1921.. 1
1890..36	1906..18	1922.. 3
1891..35	1907..19	1923.. 6
1892.. 5	1908..24	1924.. 7
1893.. 5	1909..12	1925.. 3
1894.. 0	1910..20	1926.. 1
1895.. 0	1911..23	
		Total 1092

Note: Edison's most productive years, 1879 through 1883, were the years in which he developed his electric lighting system.

It would no doubt be a fascinating adventure to go behind these barren figures and enumerate each item represented and make an effort to describe its function, but it would also be a very tedious business since many of the patents were merely improvements not only on the devices of other people but on Edison's own inventions. He was indeed caught up in the cultural heritage, some of it of his own creation. So while there is only a relative diminution of the number of patents after 1883 (he never again reached half the number in any given year as in 1883), the number of original inventions begins almost immediately to space out rather markedly.

Thus between 1878 and 1891 most of his inventions were directly outgrowths of problems associated with electric lighting and its commercial exploitation. Yet in 1887 he returned to the phonograph and in June, 1888, worked continuously five days and nights in a

concentrated effort to perfect it. This was, of course, backtrailing. The first really startling departure from his routine came in 1891 when he invented the motion-picture camera, on which he had been working intermittently since 1887. But he did not go on with it as he had with the electric light and it fell, eventually, into other hands. Instead he turned back to an invention of 1880, a magnetic ore separator, and applied it to the low-grade iron ores in the New Jersey hills. For a decade he concentrated his attention on this matter and had just brought it to productive perfection when the discovery of the rich Mesaba iron fields in Minnesota destroyed the market for his product. He closed down his ore establishment and turned immediately to the production of Portland cement, applying some of the principles he had learned in his studies of handling low-grade ores. This occupied much of his time for another decade. Simultaneously he worked with characteristic fury to develop an alkaline storage battery and succeeded in 1909. He then tackled the phonograph once more and invented an improved model using disc records. Up to 1910 he accumulated one hundred patents on this one invention! In 1912 he developed a talking motion picture, but did not bring it to the commercial stage. Most of his inventions after 1909 were logical developments of earlier contrivances or improvements on them. Edison closely resembles many great artists and writers in being markedly productive in middle life, leading up to his fertile period through years of unusual originality and following with an extended period of regular and solid but only occasionally spectacular production.

What motivated this furious activity? How did Edison gauge his activity with the demands of a commercial civilization? Basically, of course, he was a constructive individual and his fundamental nature can best be brought out by placing him in contrast to Jay Gould, the exploiting financier, with whom he came in contact through his early work on the quadruplex system of telegraphy. When he had brought it as near perfection as possible, he wished to sell it and took it to the Western Union. He demonstrated it in the presence of the directors, and the president gave him $5000 on account but did not go on with the matter. It seems that he was in cahoots with Jay Gould, who was trying to gain control of the Western Union to combine it with the Atlantic and Pacific system which he then owned. Edison was carefully steered to Gould, who bought his interest in the new invention

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for $30,000 and made Edison chief electrician for his company. Gould, however, was not at all interested in the invention as such, for all he wanted was a weapon to use in his struggle to win control of the Western Union, and when he eventually gained his end, Edison, according to his own confession, "knew no further progress in telegraphy was possible and I went into other lines." The "other lines" were of course the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light. Thus the direction of his career as an inventor was determined by an unscrupulous financier who had no interest in advancing technology at all! Had Edison continued in telegraphy he might have, by imperceptible degrees, gone over into radio, the principle of which he glimpsed in passing during his work on the quadruplex telegraph.

Edison saw Gould at close range and, as already remarked, marvelled at his lack of a sense of humor. Yet he found at least one major characteristic which they had in common: "He certainly had one trait that all men must have who want to succeed. He collected every kind of information and statistics about his schemes, and had all the data." But in the final analysis Edison found him wanting. Not only was his conscience atrophied, but "he took no pride in building an enterprise. He was after money, and money only. Whether the company was a success or a failure mattered not to him." If we take Gould as an extreme case, we have here a sharp contrast between the constructive inventor and the exploiting financier. Edison however, unlike Gould, was not an extreme case. His elements were mixed. He was also a business man.

There were but a few years during his active career when he did not directly engage in business, usually manufacturing and selling some device which he had invented. He had no more than invented the stock ticker than he established a factory for making it in Newark, New Jersey, and so it went on all during his life. He was forever bridging the gap between the invention of a device and the recognition of its profit-making potentialities by the financiers. When he invented the new system of call-boxes for messenger boys he simultaneously started a factory for their production, and he was almost forced to develop shops to make the equipment and supplies for his electric lighting system. Moreover, his work on the telephone and the typewriter was exclusively controlled by the idea of making these devices commercially available. While at work on his most extraordinary series of inventions, the electric light and the

related contrivances, he kept constantly in mind the necessity of developing a commercially profitable result—one which would make huge profits in the open market. In fact nothing that Edison invented was envisaged in any other terms than as a salable commodity. *The New York Times* in 1922, with almost fabulous rightness considering the class it represents, congratulated him because his "efforts always have been aimed directly at the doing of things that needed to be done—things the doing of which would be *immediately and largely profitable.*" (My italics.)

Much of his work on existing contrivances was an effort to eliminate profit-consuming waste of which he had a horror. In his struggle to perfect his lighting system he had to develop a new dynamo. He eventually markedly raised the efficiency of the dynamo and in recalling these days an associate wrote: "He said he wanted to sell the energy outside of the station and not waste it in the dynamo and conductors, where it brought no *profits.*" (My italics.) Indeed, his whole experiment in the field of electric lighting might be described as a prolonged effort at rationalization, for he had been anticipated as an inventor of an electric lighting system by some years, but the earlier systems were over ten times as expensive to install and operate as his, they could not be so universally applied and not at all to lighting interiors, and consequently were not commercially profitable.

It was, however, characteristic of Edison that as soon as an invention of his was well established and had been taken over by the business men and financed by the bankers, he cheerfully abandoned the money-making side of the matter and returned to invention once more. By and large he was not a success as entrepreneur. Through the monopoly of his 1092 patents he might have been an exceedingly wealthy man, but he wasn't. For one reason or another most of the patents granted for his electric lighting system slipped from his control, and he made what money he got out of them through manufacturing. He sold off other inventions for lump sums entirely incommensurate with their profit-making potentialities and, as in the case of the ore-separating plant, he lost money hand over fist in ventures of his own. This is not to say that he lived and died a poor man. While he lacked the final fillip which would have made him as clever at exploitation as at creation, or as interested in it, he was still marked off from other inventors by his money-making capacity. Yet, given his opportunities, he profited remarkably little. With all his unusual insight into the commercial significance of his inventions, he made some extraordinarily bad guesses. He failed entirely to see the possibilities of the disc phonograph and through sheer inefficiency did not make some technical changes in his application papers to gain a patent for his version of it; he could not see the commercial importance of throwing moving pictures on a screen and actually argued that doing so would kill the profit-making value of the invention; and he did not think that talking movies would be a commercial success!

It is asking too much of an inventor that he foresee the full consequences of his inventions, for the time has not yet come when even the study of society prepares one to predict them with any certainty. The inventor may, however, definitely envisage the commercial utility of his contrivance as Edison did time and again. In the case of his phonograph he thought it would have definite value in "letter writing and other forms of dictation, music, family records, musical boxes, annunciator attachments on clocks, in advertising, and preserving the voices of famous people." Most of these have actually been realized and only lately Columbia University began to sell records made by Vachel Lindsay before his death, giving his own interpretations of several of his famous poems. But it should be noted that Edison saw the applications to which the contrivance could be put rather than the social consequences in which, apparently, he took no interest or which he did not envisage.

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One does not need to be very old to be acutely conscious of the effects of Edison's work in a rough sort of way. Men and women of thirty can distinctly recall the time when cleaning a kerosene lamp was a weekly duty of their mothers and when it was a frequent errand to carry the kerosene can to the grocer to be filled. I myself grew up in small New England towns, the son of a skilled worker, and did not live in a house lighted by electricity until 1913. The transformation of life effected by the electric light has been so thorough, as far as most of us are concerned, that it is difficult to recover the subtleties of the transition. Only when we go to the country for a vacation, and the deep country at that, do we recover some sense of how difficult life was when light after sundown had to be carefully carried about in one's hand. It was not then possible to go blithely into a dark house and touch a switch with the certainty that the place would be flooded with gorgeous light. One had to be content with low-candle-power oil lamps, carefully sought out to avoid tipping them over and having them fall to the floor with a crash, and lighted with a match. Woe betide if one lacked a match! The mere increase in the brilliance of the lighting available must have had an extraordinary effect on our homes, for while reading and sewing were done by kerosene lamps, and before that by candlelight, it is undoubtedly true that electric lighting made these occupations not only easier but safer. Taking a larger view, there is no easy way except by appealing to the imagination of the reader, to make plain the effect of the electric light on building construction. Certainly it is difficult to imagine what the great factories, office buildings, and apartment houses of today would be like if we lacked electric lighting and tried to illuminate them with kerosene. Railway trains and elevated railways in city streets were entirely possible before the coming of electricity, but the subway was not, and without the subway New York would be an utterly different city.

The telephone has had an equally revolutionary effect on modern life. I can recall very vividly my first experience in answering a telephone. It was in the house of a friend whose father was a small business man. The advertisements of the telephone companies hardly overemphasize the utility of the telephone or the embarrassment which would come upon us were we suddenly deprived of it, though they do underemphasize the cost! Quick communication has absolutely revolutionized our lives and if to the telephone we add the telegraph, the cable, and the radio we have a complex of communication devices which literally tie local, sectional, national, and international communities together. It takes five days to go to California by train from New York and the trip has been made in twenty-four hours by airplane only experimentally, but in a few minutes one can get in touch with a person there by telephone. It takes one solid month to get to Australia in person by the fastest possible means of travel, but one can get in touch with that continent in a few hours by cable. And how much more convenient it is to call up the grocer than to go to his shop for supplies!

Our daily lives have become impossible without some use of an invention which Edison made or laid the foundations for making. The increasing number of electrical devices with which our homes are cluttered to such an extent that modern "inconveniences" has become a stale joke, was not possible until Edison brought about the cheap distribution of electrical energy, a problem which grew naturally out of his experiments with the electric light. Yet with all our acute sense of the transformation that has come over our lives in the last forty years, how little we actually know about the effects of specific inventions in all the ramifications. It would be interesting, but well-nigh impossible, to try to recover the effects of the phonograph, now a dying invention. One would be led up and down the highways and byways of family and social life. Such an investigation would require a discussion of the diffusion of well-played music, popular and classical, of the decline of piano-playing as a parlor accomplishment, of the invasion of the home by dancing. . . . Fortunately most of the social consequences of the phonograph have been incorporated into the effects of the radio which, of course, goes far beyond it in its influence.

Professor William F. Ogburn was able to list one hundred and fifty major and minor consequences of the introduction of the radio which he classified under eleven headings: on uniformity and diffusion, on recreation and entertainment, on transportation, on education, on the dissemination of information, on religion, on industry and business, on occupations, on government and politics, and on other inventions, with a final rag-bag of miscellaneous effects. If we select one interesting item from each of the eleven classifications we have an extraordinarily bizarre list: isolated regions are brought into contact with world events, interest in sports is increased, receipt of communications by air passengers enroute is made possible, current events discussions are broadcast, loss of crops is prevented by broadcasting weather reports, the urban type of sermon is disseminated to rural regions, a new form of advertising has been created, new occupations have arisen like that of the announcer, a new problem has arisen for copyright experts to handle, the vacuum tube which was developed for the radio has been found useful in levelling elevators, controlling trains, converting electric currents, applying the photo-electric cell and really bringing into existence a new science, and the development of the fads of numerology and astrology is encouraged once again! This covers only one-tenth of the ground in Professor Ogburn's study recall, but the list is certainly sufficiently diverse to make one realize quite keenly the social reverberations of a major invention.

A similar study might be made of the movies, for while Edison is not responsible for their projection on a screen, he is at the bottom of this industry. We would then be tackling the whole question of the redefinition of amusements since the coming of the movies, the decline of the theatre, the transformation of the life of stage people, the rise of a new type of technician, the transformation of the work of the scenic director, the new version of the work of the director, the pervasive effect of the movies on morals and conduct in the nation and foreign lands, the influence on styles of dress—a field in which the movies are rapidly becoming paramount, on house-furnishings, where they are more powerful than Edward Bok ever was, and on the architectural appearance of our towns and cities. The movies, it needs hardly to be said, have definitely colored the social aspirations of the American people and have even dictated the kind of women men shall admire and seek as wives.

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(We need a new Charles Darwin to tell us the effect of the movies on sexual selection and the social consequences of it!) Our minds and emotions are strongly affected by the movies we see and it would be valuable to know the effect the measurably less honest handling of news in the newsreels as compared to the newspapers has on the formation of public opinion. The rise of the fan magazines is also a fertile field for reflection and the effect of the movies on literature as to form and manner and matter is a very serious topic to which too little attention has been given. The movies, obviously, have had a part difficult to overestimate in molding twentieth-century American culture, but little did Edison realize what he had let loose when he invented his camera.

It is easy indeed to be optimistic about the effects of inventions, especially if one has a strong disposition to ignore the actual facts about their distribution through the population. It is easy to forget that there is the complex matter of the suppression of inventions by persons whose vested interest in the *status quo* is menaced or whose interest is located some place other than in technological progress, usually in profits, the greatest of all barriers to rational progress. It has been mentioned that Jay Gould, in Edison's opinion, put an effective end to the immediate prospect of advance in telegraphy. When Edison introduced electric lighting he was fought by the gas interests and, to a lesser extent, by the carbon-electric-light people who were interested in street lighting and similar utilities. The application of electricity to railroads was delayed for many years by the railroad executives of the nation, Edison and Henry Villard being the only two individuals really convinced of the worth of the idea, Edison as an inventor and Villard as a railroad executive. Commodore Vanderbilt refused even to talk to Westinghouse when approached about the air brake for railway trains, saying that he had no time to listen to fools. Edison's system of automatic telegraphy got lost in a shuffle brought about by Jay Gould's efforts to gain control of telegraphy in order to exploit it financially. It is unquestionably true, that, as Professor Fetter of Princeton has charged, "Directly chargeable to large corporations is the stifling of inventions and the suppression of patents which threaten the value of their own older processes and costly equipment." This in a country noted for its receptivity to technological improvements!

Of even greater importance, since we do advance, is the matter of the distribution of inventions through the population groups. Since the controlling factor is the struggle for profits and not directly the service of the community, inventions, even those of the greatest use, do not spread evenly over the country, and technological progress is anarchical. They do not spread evenly through the industrial establishments for which they are designed as one might expect, and laggard factories contribute fabulous sums to the annual bill for social waste. Moreover old techniques often fail to be adapted to new inventions with a loss to society not always immediately apparent. Most of the canals collapsed before the railways; the immediate result was a bad financial panic; and today millions of dollars are being spent to reintegrate the canals into our transportation system, something which in a rationally controlled society would have been done in the first place. The street railways today are rapidly disappearing as the buses advance, but according to no carefully-thought-out scheme. The railways are suffering badly from their failure to correlate their services with those of the buses and the airplanes. Returning to an Edison invention the same principle holds. While it is true that electric lighting is so much a matter of course today that it is hard to recover the days before its advent it is also true that there are plenty of homes without this boon. There is a discrepancy of distribution between town and country and between the classes of society which it would be very easy, technologically speaking, to resolve. One encounters in *Middletown* the statement that it is the middle class which really supports the movies, not the working class, an illuminating commentary on the diffusion of inventions in a profit economy. It is perfectly plain, I think, that while Edison accomplished a major social benefaction in introducing the electric light and his other inventions, he was estopped from a complete realization of his contribution by the nature of the economy into which he had to precipitate his work. We are face to face with the proposition that the profit motive makes for cultural lag and the actual condition is, objectively viewed, several long steps behind the state of our technological development.

Even if inventions are taken up and exploited by our business men, as Edison's were with results shortly to be discussed, there is more than an even chance that they will be spread very haphazardly over the land, leaving an appreciable portion of the population entirely without the benefits they bring. And those who gain access to them in good times lose them in bad times, thus defeating the social benefits to be derived from them. The good old times lose more than half their attractiveness when we take heed of the conveniences we shall have to give up to get back to them! Technological progress in a profit society is not a guarantee of general social progress even on the technological plane. We have instead, in Henry George's expressive phrase, progress and poverty.

Most of Edison's inventions were taken up and exploited by business men and financiers. The consequences almost outran the powers of human imagination, for the result is a fantastic collection of seemingly separate but really interrelated structures which almost beggar simple description. Since they have been analyzed in lengthy books by economists and lawyers working in conjunction, resort must be made here to the impressionistic method of portraiture in the hope of suggesting what tremendous oaks can grow from an inventor's acorns.

Turning to *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* by Adolf A. Berle, Jr., and Gardiner C. Means we find that forty-four of the two hundred largest corporations in America are listed under the general heading, public utilities. This classification takes in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Electric Bond and Share Company, the Insull group of utilities and the United Corporation which is controlled by J. P. Morgan & Company directly. On the development of these, Edison's inventions had the directest sort of influence as they also had on the growth of the General Electric Company listed under the heading, Metal Products. If we prospect a bit farther afield, we shall find that five out of the six amusement corporations listed are moving-picture companies, also based on Edison inventions, and the sixth is the

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Eastman Kodak Company, the growth of which has been enormously stimulated by the use of film in movie cameras. Halting at this point in our study of the mammoth corporations, we neglect entirely the question of how many more of them are based on the use of electricity, which would be an interesting point to investigate, for while Edison did not make a crucial invention in connection with them, his work was a contributing factor in their development. All told, however, he will be found snugly ensconced in a strategic position in the history of fifty out of the two hundred giants, or twenty-five per cent. This is a very remarkable record.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company began to grow almost immediately when Edison had developed his improved transmitter in 1876. It is today a huge corporation consisting of: 24 operating companies which it controls, a monopoly of long-distance lines, a complete control of the manufacturing of telephone equipment by owning 98½ per cent of the stock in the Western Electric Company, ownership of the Graybar Electric Company selling equipment to the public, control of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., a research organization, of the Bell Telephone Securities Company devoted to financing the complicated structure, and the Electric Research Products Company, interested in motion-picture sound equipment and, incidentally, wholly owned by the Western Electric Company. It was this last company, by the way, which took the Telephone Company's part in the war on William Fox, a story recently told by Fox to Upton Sinclair. The gross assets of this colossal corporation, on January 1, 1930, were 4228.4 millions of dollars. In 1901 it had a total of 10,000 stockholders but on December 31, 1931, it had 642,180. The control, however, is in the hands of a very small band of men under the generalship of Walter S. Gifford.

Looking rather more closely at the development of one particular corporation rather more intimately related to Edison's own history, we shall discover how, on the basis of an Edison invention, plus various financial devices, a huge structure of interrelated companies was developed. When Edison had brought his electric lighting system to the stage of commercial exploitation, he organized the Edison Electric Illuminating Company with a capital of $1,000,000. This did not, however, take care of the manufacturing of equipment and the financiers, always suspicious of the untried, would not advance capital for an equipment works. Edison, therefore, in 1878, started his own manufacturing establishment, based on his control of the patents. "If there are no factories to make my inventions," he said at the time, "I will build the factories myself. Since capital is timid I will raise and supply it."

It soon became apparent, however, that the electrical industry had two characteristics always very attractive to financiers: the first was large capital requirements and the second was large and quick profits. Equally potent was still a third factor, the prospect of maintaining something very close to a monopoly through the control of patents. Altogether the electrical industry looked like a paradise for finance. It has remained so to this day and while it is beginning to shake down into a more stable and hence less attractive field today, it still remains one of the great fields for speculation in the American world.

Contrary to what might be expected, the control of the industry centred in the beginning in the equipment companies rather than in the public-utility operating companies. The first expansion came, therefore, in the manufacturing end, or in the very part of the industry which Edison had entered with some reluctance. In 1889 Henry Villard (father of Oswald Garrison Villard) organized the Edison General Electric Company and took over Edison's properties. In this move Villard had the support of certain German manufacturers of electrical equipment, particularly Werner Siemens, the inventor and

entrepreneur. This company lasted for thirteen years when it was succeeded by the General Electric Company of today, formed by combining several large independent companies with Villard's. J. P. Morgan & Company assisted in financing the new company and has maintained close relations with it ever since.

The electrical equipment companies had found it necessary to assist in the financing of the utilities which were installing power houses and distribution systems. They did so to make possible the purchase of the equipment they had for sale and so they assumed a strategic position in the whole industry. When the General Electric Company was formed it took over this practice along with the other practices and equipment of the combined concerns. Out of this particular business device grew the idea of a holding company. In 1905 the General Electric Company created the Electric Bond and Share Company to take care of its interests in public utilities and to perform managerial, advisory, and other functions in relation to them. This really started the ball rolling, for historians of the electrical industry divide its history into four parts, only two of which have been fully worked through to date. The first period is denominated the experimental and extends from 1880 to 1910 and thus covers the years when Edison was most active as an inventor; the second extends from 1910 to 1920 and is called the period of development and penetration; the third, begun in 1920 and still in progress, is called the period of rapid expansion and covers the spectacular growth of the holding companies, including the notorious Insull structure; the fourth period, the beginnings of which are as yet but vaguely apparent, will be the period of stabilization and will come when the speculative financiers cease to find electricity grist for their mill and will, consequently, cease to fight public ownership.

From 1905 to 1924, when a slight change was made which affects but little the actualities of the situation but which does make the two organizations technically separate, the General Electric and the Electric Bond and Share were closely interrelated. Thus the equipment manufacturing company, through a holding company which it absolutely controlled, became the strategic organization in the electrical industry. Moreover, the monopoly principle was actively at work in equipment manufacturing as such, for after 1896 the most intimate relations were maintained between the General Electric and its chief competitor, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, extending to the exchange of patents. Together these two companies do about

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50 per cent of the equipment business of the nation and since the other half is split up among eighty minor firms, they have a dominant position amounting to a quasi-monopoly. Their production is in the fields of generators, transformers, motors, control apparatus, lamps, and vacuum tubes.

The General Electric did not rest with the penetration of the utilities but from time to time has either directly extended its interests or extended them through controlled subsidiaries. Thus it has ramified into the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company and the Radio Keith Orpheum theatrical organization. From the tiny acorn planted when Edison established his equipment factories, we have a structure which includes, to use familiar initials, G. E., R. C. A., N. B. C., and R. K. O. This, however, takes no account of the Electric Bond and Share Company which would carry us to Europe, South America, China, and India. Moreover, a detailed story would require that we trace out the financial background of these companies and we should then penetrate into the National City Bank, the Chase National Bank, and J. P. Morgan & Company with its affiliates, the First National, the Bankers Trust, and the Guaranty Trust. We should, in the end, come upon the real rulers of the United States of America, Inc.

But we have glimpsed but one of the several structures dominating the electrical industry. The Electric Bond and Share does not stand alone in the field. With the United Corporation and the Insull companies, however, it controls all told about 50 per cent of the electricity production of the nation. The United Corporation is a Morgan Company organized in 1929 but on its way to being a dominating factor in the industry. In three years it has blown up to huge proportions and in the year 1931 it earned, according to a late report, $19,392,770 in dividends and interest. A complete description of the organization is thus far impossible because the corporation has refused the Federal Trade Commission permission to examine its books. The Insull companies, however, have been torn wide open and exposed to the public gaze. This structure, all built upon the utilization of electrical energy, was, by a marvellous stroke of historical irony, the creation of a former secretary of Edison, Samuel Insull, resident at present in Athens, Greece. Mr. Insull stands accused of having mulcted the American investment public of $700,000,000 through incredibly dishonest methods of "bookkeeping." Mr. Owen D. Young, of the General Electrical Company, ascribed Insull's collapse to his too great optimism about the future of America, particularly, it would seem, its capacity to pay through the nose for electricity, an optimism which Insull communicated to the investing public in grand style. Harsher critics have used Insull's business practices as a prime case of "the causes, methods, and results of business decadence . . ." It is a strange circumstance that this should be an accurate characterization of any part of a business structure erected on the basis of electrical energy, the utilization of which owes so much to Thomas Alva Edison, who did not die until the year 1930. It is a circumstance which should provoke deep reflection.

The electrical industry has, in part, been caught up in the general movement toward huge corporations and the concentration of actual control in fewer and fewer hands. Because of its essentially monopolistic nature, based on the control of patents, it has proceeded at a rather more rapid rate toward this end than other industries much longer established. The holding company can best be studied in the electrical industry, for instance, in spite of the relatively short history of the industry as a whole. It is significant that forty-four out of the two hundred great corporations in America should be public utilities. Naturally enough, and in consonance with an established historical principle, the economic structure of the electrical industry is entirely out of line with the legal and governmental structures of society at large. As it happens this is immensely desirable in the eyes of the directors of the industry and they have diligently sought to control opinion on the subject in their interest. It has been frequently revealed in recent years that they have sought to control educators, newspapers, and magazines, to say nothing of books and other methods of influencing opinion and action. Lately the counter-attack has become exceedingly vigorous.

This situation raises a fundamental question about technological progress to which Edison was such a prolific contributor. Far beyond the questions already touched upon, of the social effects of inventions, the barriers thrown in the way of inventions by persons with vested interests, and the uneven spread of the improvements effected, is the question of how the adjustments which inventions make inevitable are to be made. If it be accepted as axiomatic that invention is the key to social progress, some answer must be returned to this question. "Only when social organization shall have undergone a revolution similar to the technical and economic ones, only when this adaptation of the whole of our civilization to modern economic conditions has been accomplished," writes the brilliant German sociologist, Müller-Lyer, "can our sublime technical possessions enter fully into life; and only then will the machine age proper begin, of which, until now, we have known only a preliminary phase." Thus it comes about that our Edisons, when the full effect of their contriving has been felt, force us into revolutionary situations which they had no suspicion of creating and in which they would, in all probability, stand with the defenders of the *status quo*.

It is this lag as between the institutions of control and the economic structures raised on the basis of the new relations established between man and nature which is at the root of our difficulties today. Those in control of the present economic organizations almost to a man agree with Edison in supporting the *laissez-faire* position, resenting the interference of the government in business, and obstinately defending their special privileges. They still rely upon supply and demand to make the necessary adjustments. The inadequacy of this position is rapidly being revealed to the American people. The liberals are clamoring for more and more governmental regulation. The "power trust" so-called is being studied in detail and new legal techniques are being suggested for controlling it. It is unlikely that any permanent success will be

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achieved along these lines for it is perfectly apparent that the distinction between the United States of America as a political organization and the U. S. A., Inc., is becoming more and more tenuous. Soon it will be impossible for even the blindest person to refuse to admit their identity. Soon it will be the order of the day of the economic rulers to arrange things exclusively to their own advantage, cloaked in the garments of legality.

The assimilation of the government by the economic organization of the nation is the inescapable consequence of the evolution of our economic system. If we are to seek liberation through inventions we shall have to find some way actually to bring the economic organization into the service of the community rather than leaving it the creature of directors dominated by the lust for profits.

It is very clear that our difficulties are not attributable to the consequences of invention. It is impossible to raise Edison into a bugbear. Over three centuries ago Sir Francis Bacon wrote a little book called *New Atlantis* in which he envisaged his private utopia. Along with many unbelievable things he told of an institution called Salomon's House, the residence of the real rulers of New Atlantis, and headquarters of the intellectual life. Among other learned persons in residence there was a group assigned "to bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how out of them to bring things of use and practice for man's life and knowledge . . . These we call dowry-men or Benefactors." Today we call this group inventors and, as Bacon imagined, they are more and more found at work in great laboratories rather than alone in obscure places. From the beginning of the century we have been tending toward a state of things in which the co-operative laboratory will be the seat of all technological progress. We have hardly glimpsed the possibilities yet but so great has been the progress since Bacon's time that a virtual counter-revolution has been raised against the machine age, generated by a fear of the triumph of machines over man. The fright this campaign inspired has now somewhat worn off and as the machine-haters have lost their fascination on the public mind, the problem has been differently envisaged and the inventor has once more taken his place as a public benefactor, the symbol of our civilization. Edison, our present symbol, did his work well and he made the disposition of it which the society of his time dictated. It is left for us, not to abandon Edison's gains but to accept his work, disentangle it from the economic system in which it is involved, and present it to the people, not only of America but of the world.

THE SPARROWS

By Mary Britton Miller

I

Doves in cathedral closes, opening your wings,
Dropping in droves on granite roses and on Gothic kings,
Manœuvring for your niches, dropping down upon
Choirs of martyrs and the congregation
Of apostolic dead, hear you, around the eaves
And flying out of lilies and acanthus leaves
The drab, disreputable sparrows in a brood
Gathering together in increasing multitude?
Hear you the sparrows, pigeons? I having come
To these your choirs for communion,
Asking for sacrament, demanding pious food
Of an intense sweet faith for my religion
Find here for love to feed on, sparrows only—
Only these sparrows—only this multitude.

II

O beautiful, terrestrial star which I adore
Made now crepuscular and strange by these,
The insignificant sparrows mean and poor,
Miserable, mendicant birds that late we saw
Disputing plunder in the laden trees,
And now, grown fearsome as the Eumenides
Darkening the sky above us, you I implore
To bring a swift deliverance to this brood
Which is we know the usual multitude
Of insignificant sparrows. In the cold
They perish tragically amid your store
Of bright abundant fruits, for they were sold
To their own hunger and they can no more
Gather the harvest from your bough of gold.

III

O Jesus, who bestowed upon us all
Ourselves in Christ as man potential,
And, filling with yourself our starved embrace,
Left us encumbered with the human race;
Most ominously now this multitude,
Still corporate with you in our flesh and blood
Besets us like a multiplying flood
Against which and our own destruction
Only ourselves can give protection.
O give us fortitude to place our trust
In this your handful of so obdurate dust
By you made pregnant with perfection;
And make ourselves our true religion,
Lest we be overmastered by this horde,
Which is a portion of yourself, O Lord.

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